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EDELFRÄULEIN.—AFTER F. A. KAULBACH.

A NOBLE PICTURE.

"EDELFRÄULEIN" (A Noble Lady) is the title which Herr Kaulbach gives to his picture, of which we publish an engraving in the present number; and our readers who saw the picture, "Of Noble Birth," by Teschendorff, published in a former number of THE ALDINE, can have opportunity to compare the conception which each artist has formed of what should be the appearance and outward characteristics of face and form which should be found where birth and beauty meet to give us assurance of true aristocracy. The comparison is assisted, too, by the fact that both artists have chosen to represent their creations in the guise of young girls in sixteenth-century costumes; but here resemblance ceases and contrasts begin. Teschendorff's ideal is a brunette, slender in figure, with a proud and passionate face, and with not a little of haughtiness in the expressive features. He has so draped the figure, too, as to hide from us every thing but the face, as if in that were to be sought all the signs of the nobility he wished to portray. In this he may have been somewhat influenced by the years he has spent in study in Italy, for he is of Saxon birth, and long painted in Leipsic.

Kaulbach, on the other hand, has given us a blonde, with calm, firm face, a little serious, perhaps, but capable of an infinite deal of sweetness and tenderness; a bust and shoulders of noble proportions, from which springs the neck, like a marble pillar, to support its lovely capital. The whole attitude is graceful, and very little aid has been drawn from accessories; indeed, were it not for the sleeve, we should scarcely be able to say that the painter had not given us a portrait of some lovely "Edelfräulein" of his own family and of the present day. It is quite possible that he may have drawn some of his inspiration for the present picture from his young sister-in-law (a lady of dazzling beauty), whose portrait, also in the costume of the sixteenth century, he painted for the Munich Exhibition of 1876, when it was pronounced by good judges to be the best work of the kind in the gallery. There is not so much of haughtiness in the face which Kaulbach has here painted, but there is a dignity and majesty in the whole face and figure which gives us assurance that there is plenty of "proper pride" behind that calm countenance; and that those eyes, which are now looking so dreamily into space, could and would, at proper provocation, flash with a fire which would scorch and wither the offender. In fact, she seems

— "a woman nobly planned,
To bless, to comfort and command."

Frederick Augustus Kaulbach, the painter of the picture before us, is one of the Munich school of the present day; and, notwithstanding his youth, is already looked upon as one of the foremost among the rising young artists of that great art centre. We may, perhaps, be doing an injustice in speaking of so independent and original a painter as Kaulbach as belonging to any school, in the technical sense in which the word is generally used; but, as he has been chiefly known and has made most of his reputation as an artist in Munich, it is perhaps proper to class him as of that school, however much he may differ from other members of it in his methods and manner of handling and treatment of his subjects. He is the inheritor of a name great in the history of the art of painting, more than one artist of fame having borne the name. Whether this is ordinarily an advantage to a youth is matter of doubt. Experience has shown that, as a rule, the inheritance of a famous name proves a serious handicap to a young man starting in the race of life. Very few great men have had great sons, and where such has been the case it has come under the head of the exception which is said to prove the rule. It has, probably, more often occurred in art than in arms or in politics that both father and son have been celebrated; but in these cases it has usually happened that either the one or the other gained the greater glory.

The subject of our sketch was born June 2, 1850, at Munich, where his father, Frederick Kaulbach, an artist of considerable reputation, then resided. When four years old his father removed to Hanover, taking the young son with him; here the boy grew up, taking his first instructions in painting from his father, until 1867, when he went to Nuremberg and entered the art school of Von Kreling, remaining there two years. In 1869 he returned to his father and assisted him in the execution of his works; but in 1871 he came back to his birthplace, and has remained in

Munich ever since, where he has achieved a reputation which rests not less upon the popular love for and appreciation of his works—some of which, of a popular character, have been extensively lithographed—than upon his recognition by the critics. Throughout his pictures there runs a lyrical strain, so to speak, and it has been proposed to call his works "melody pictures." In expressing his artistic thoughts he makes little use of adjuncts, requiring very little material from which to construct a picture. A little girl picking flowers; a young lute player; a young lady with a dog; a mother with her child in her arms; a group around a piano—such are some of the subjects on which his pencil has been exercised. It will be seen that while these subjects afford no field for the display of great genius in the expression of passions or emotions, they give ample scope for the vein of sweetness and tenderness—of humanity in short—for which he is noted, and which quality it is that has made many of his pictures so popular. When we consider his youth and what he has already done, we can not help believing that, if his head be not turned by his early success, Frederick Augustus Kaulbach has a noble career before him.

—P. Williams.

MARION AND HIS MEN.

OF all the heroes America has produced, and they have been by no means few for the length of time her history covers, none have taken such hold on the popular heart as have the heroes of the Revolution. Perhaps the late war is too near to us to allow of our having the same feeling toward those who distinguished themselves in it. We are not yet far enough away to have focused them properly, to get, so to speak, the proper perspective on their characters and their achievements. Another reason, probably, why the heroes of '76 should seem more heroes to us than those of '61, is, that the struggle in which they were engaged was for the building up of the nation, for the establishment of a free government; whereas the later war was to prevent the breaking in two of the government already established; and had it resulted in the formation of two governments instead of one, the principles fought for in '76 would have been maintained in both. Again, the late war was fought by regularly organized and regularly drilled armies on both sides; and in such a war there is little opportunity for individual heroism to display itself, or to be recognized apart from the mass; whereas, in the Revolution but small forces were at any time engaged, and a great deal of the fighting—especially in the South—was done, more particularly on the side of the Americans, by bands of partisans, or guerrillas, as we should now call them. In such a war it was inevitable that there should be many instances of courage and devotion, which, standing out distinctly from the general movements of the armies, could not fail of complete recognition, with the result of bringing immediate fame and glory to the doer of them. Especially was this the case with the different partisan corps, each of which had its leader, who had generally won his position by the general suffrages of his followers founded on their estimate of his character and admiration for some daring act or acts of heroism.

Of this class the greatest was General Marion, whom Tarleton called "The Swamp Fox," a name by which he was ever after affectionately known by his devoted followers. The name, however, very imperfectly expresses his character, and has worked mischief to his fame by making him to be looked upon as only a shrewd guerrilla captain winning his successes by clever alternations of fighting and hiding in swamps. The fact is, Marion was a natural soldier—a born captain. He had many of the characteristics and much the same mental and moral temperament as had Washington; and, though not so great a man as the chief, would, in a broader field than that in which fortune had placed him, have proved himself a commander of no mean rank, and capable of conducting the operations of a much larger force than he ever had under his command. The qualities of prudence, coolness, intrepidity, quickness of conception, rapidity of execution, clearness of judgment, firmness and evenness of temper—not carried away by success nor unduly cast down by defeat—all these qualities, which he undoubtedly showed among the swamps and hills of South Carolina, while commanding a small force, would have made him a suitable commander for a larger

one on a broader field of action. It was not so to be, however, and Marion himself, whatever ambitions he may at times have cherished, never murmured at any loss of the fame he might have gained elsewhere. It was his proud privilege to preserve his State from complete subjugation by the British arms, and to keep alive in the breasts of its citizens the fires of patriotism which would otherwise have been effectually quenched, or at least smothered, under the pressure of the hopelessness engendered by defeat and conquest. This—to have saved his State—was perhaps glory enough; the Romans would have crowned him.

Francis Marion was descended from Benjamin Marion, one of the Huguenots who, driven from France by the persecutions of Louis XIV., settled in South Carolina in 1690, and was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, in 1732, the year which witnessed the birth of Washington. His father was a farmer, and there was nothing remarkable about the birth of the future general except his puny size, which is described as something decidedly astonishing. Indeed, one of his biographers—Rev. M. L. Weems—averts that "at his birth he was not larger than a New England lobster, and might easily enough have been put into a quart pot." Unfortunately, Mr. Weems is known to have been too enthusiastic a biographer to be altogether trustworthy. There is no doubt, however, that the young Marion was very small as a baby, and that he never grew to be a large man. Indeed, his appearance, when in most active command and at the heyday of his fame, is described as something bordering on the insignificant. A young British officer, who had been sent to Marion's swamp retreat with a flag of truce, was so astonished when the bandage was removed from his eyes and he saw before him, instead of the scowling giant he had expected, a short, slim, pleasant-voiced, mild-mannered man, that he could hardly deliver his message. It was on this occasion that the celebrated dinner of sweet potatoes, served on pieces of bark, is said to have been eaten; and of course it is added that the officer retired from the service, and refused to fight such patriots! We wish we could believe the story.

About the early career of Marion there was nothing remarkable and very little to indicate the character of the future leader. We have intimated some points of resemblance between him and Washington; and there were also resemblances in the tenor of their early lives. That both should have been reared on a farm was not remarkable, for it was the lot of most boys of the day, the colonies being chiefly agricultural communities; but both seem to have been of a reserved and somewhat taciturn disposition, which kept them from mingling in the roystering sports so common at that day, especially in the South; both were obliged to be contented with very little instruction at school, and to make up as best they might for deficiencies by study at home, and by that earnest thought which always comes to the man who is thrown entirely upon himself in the constant contemplation of nature. Both evinced, too, an early longing for the sea; but that does not seem so remarkable a circumstance to us as it does to one of Marion's biographers, who thinks it "a passion rather uncommon in the history of a Southern farmer's boy;" but to us it seems a very common passion indeed among boys. Be that as it may, Washington gave up the idea of going to sea at the solicitation of his mother; but it required a shipwreck and severe exposure in an open boat to cure young Marion. The characters of both Washington and Marion seem to have been largely moulded by their mothers; for, although Marion's father did not die until he had arrived at man's estate, he seems to have been chiefly under the control of and swayed by his mother—a fact, by the way, which is recorded in the history of many other great men of all nations.

After his return from his unlucky voyage Marion seems to have settled quietly down to farming, and to have done nothing worthy of especial mention until 1760, when he went out as a lieutenant under Captain Moultrie—afterward a distinguished general in the Revolutionary army—in the war against the Cherokees, and distinguished himself by leading the forlorn hope at the battle of Etchoe. His next public appearance was in 1775, as a member of the South Carolina Congress, which took the first steps toward separation from the mother country. He was prompt to proffer his services in the field; was commissioned as captain; raised a company among his old neighbors without difficulty, and joined Colonel Moultrie's regiment at Charleston.

From that time his history is that of the war in South Caro-

lina, presenting very little that is personally interesting about him. The history of the attempt of the British fleet to take Charleston, June 20, 1776, and their repulse from before Fort Sullivan, is a familiar one. This victory was important, as it saved South Carolina from further invasion for about three years; during which, however, the militia was by no means idle, being employed in aiding the Georgians in their struggle with the common enemy, and in repelling him from their own frontiers. In 1780 the British took Charleston, and from that time began, in the Palmetto State, a warfare more devastating, more savage, more terrible than was waged in any other of the thirteen colonies. Not only was the province overrun by the British regulars, but corps of partisans were organized by them among the adherents of the crown to oppose the provincial militia, and the excesses committed by these irregular troops on both sides were far more terrible than any the regular troops could have thought of.

Marion, having been disabled by an accident during the siege of Charleston, was obliged to remain inactive and in hiding during the first operations and incursions of the British into South Carolina, and it was not until August of 1780 that he was able to take the field. Having then been summoned by the Whigs of Williamsburg—mostly of Irish birth or descent, with a hereditary hatred for England—to command them, he was commissioned by Governor Rutledge to command that portion of the country; and it was then that his career as a partisan—the career which gave him the reputation he bears to this day in the popular mind—was begun. He was soon regularly commissioned a brigadier-general, and at once set to work to organize the recruits who flocked to his camp into companies and regiments, and commenced—even before the work of organization was complete—that harassing mode of warfare which he was to follow up to the end of the war. His mode of fighting, though styled partisan and sneered at by many, was not only most effective, but was also the only one practicable under the circumstances. Its effectiveness was sufficiently demonstrated by the complaints made by Lord Cornwallis and the other British officers, of the "irregularity" of such a style of warfare. Marion's system was very brief and very simple. It consisted in never being taken by surprise himself, and surprising his enemy as often as possible; keeping himself thoroughly informed as to the enemy's movements by means of spies, and concealing his own with jealous care; never attempting to strike a blow unless he was reasonably sure of making it an effective one, and prudently retreating when likely to be hit hard himself. These maxims thoroughly carried out made Marion the terror of his foes and the idol of his men, who were always ready to follow him to the death.

There were several peculiarities about Marion's "brigade" which are not generally seen in organizations with that pretentious name. In the first place, they were never equipped in the proper military sense of the word. Some were armed with shot guns, some with rifles, some with muskets, and some had only sabres rudely hammered by village blacksmiths out of the saw blades confiscated by Marion for the purpose; uniforms there were none; the commissariat department included the whole command, for every man foraged for himself, and their living was sometimes scanty enough. They had good horses, however, for they owned them; and another peculiarity of this brigade was, that at seed-time and harvest the men composing it would ride away home on these good horses and attend to their home affairs, and then return to their fighting. Most commanders would be driven to despair by such a state of things; but Marion knew his men and their needs, and knew that they would never fail to join him again as soon as their crops were planted or gathered, as the case might be—nor did they. The consequence of this considerate treatment was, that anything like disaffection was almost entirely unknown among them, and they never flinched when fighting under their general, as was shown at Eutaw as well as on a hundred less-known fields.

These peculiarities of equipment and freedom of discipline (not from, for Marion was a strict disciplinarian in camp), in connection with the life led by them in the field, could not but leave its impress upon them, stamping them with a hundred characteristic marks. Hiding in swamps and thickets, making their way through forests and over streams, across the country rather than along the roads, swooping down on their enemy from some unexpected lurking place, retreating, when too hotly pursued, to some



WAR'S DESOLATION. — AFTER C. ARNOLD.

fastness where they could bid defiance to their foes—all these things leave their marks on men.

One of their not uncommon experiences has been seized upon by Mr. Davis as the subject for the spirited drawing which we engrave in the present number of *THE ALDINE*. A struggle has evidently taken place for the possession of the pass leading, probably, to a ford over the stream which is seen in the background, and that the struggle has been a severe one we have indubitable evidence; but without that we should know the fact, for in a country of few bridges, and they easily destroyed—such as South Carolina was at that day, and measurably is yet—fords become of the first importance in military operations, and struggles for their possession which have begun as mere skirmishes have often developed into pitched battles of the largest proportions; a fact which no one knows better than Mr. Davis, who served with gallantry during the late war, and a portion of the

time in the region made historical by the deeds of "Marion's Men." Whatever the magnitude of the struggle in this instance, it is evidently over, and the victorious "Swamp Fox" has sent out a mounted vidette to guard the pass and prevent a surprise—a thing to which Marion was constitutionally averse. The picket has just arrived at its station, which is in the immediate vicinity of the battle ground, and the horse ridden by the leading sentinel starts back in affright from the corpse of one of the slain, his protruding eyes, distended nostrils, neck and head stretched out to their greatest extent, all show the horror with which a horse invariably shrinks from the corpse of a single soldier upon which he has come suddenly, although it is a curious fact that the same horse will make his way among the heaps of slain on a battle field without a tremor. The drawing of the horse is spirited and expressive; the limbs, the muscles of the neck and shoulders, and especially of the flank, which can almost be seen to heave,



THE ALMS SEEKING FRIAR. — AFTER PALLIERE.

are strongly and correctly brought out; and this one bit of realism would of itself be sufficient to show that the artist had studied his subject in the field as well as in the studio. Nor are the accessory figures, forming the remainder of the picket, less accurately drawn, nor less properly placed, notwithstanding their part is a subordinate one in the picture as it would be in the field unless attacked.

The landscape which forms the setting for this group is drawn with Mr. Davis's habitual faithfulness to nature and unconventionality. It is so thoroughly characteristic of the section of country where the scene is laid, that it might be considered a portrait, and it bears abundant evidence of being the result of careful study of nature. The trees and bushes preserving all their individuality as such, and only blending into masses as they

do in nature; the stream in the background already swollen by the falling rain, as the streams of the South do swell suddenly from the fierce rains which prevail there—all these are rendered with perfect fidelity, while the driving rain which is falling softens the tone of the whole picture which is a worthy memorial of "Marion's Men."

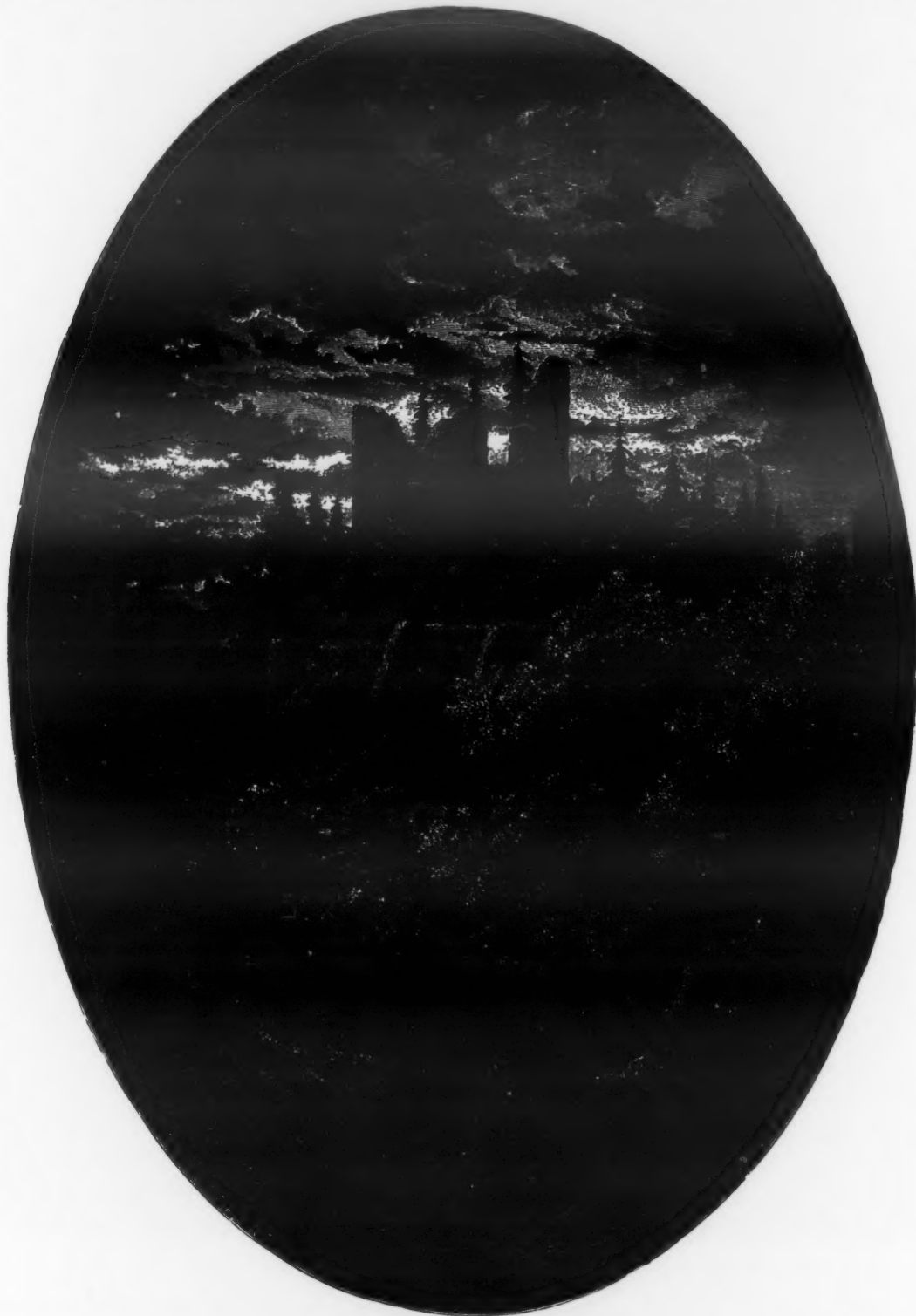
—J. A. Peters, M. D.

WAR'S DESOLATION.

THOSE who are prone to talk glibly of the necessity or desirability of war at various times and on various pretexts—sometimes of the slightest—and there are more such persons in the world than we could wish, can certainly have very little concep-

tion of what war in a country really means, or they would surely be less ready to subject the inhabitants of any country to it, no matter what or how just cause of complaint they might have against the government of that nation. War has been called the "last reason of kings;" and perhaps with propriety enough if for kings we read governments; for republics have been not unfrequently driven or persuaded to resort to it. Unfortunately for the cause of peace it is not the rulers who suffer in time of war, but the people, who in most cases have had very little to

share of the unfortunates who live at the scene of actual conflict within or between the lines of the opposing armies. For them, whether they be surrounded by friends or foes, or whether they be equally indifferent to either party, war has no good side. They must be content to see their crops destroyed, their cattle, horses, sheep, pigs and fowls taken, whether with or without payment matters little, since in either case they are stripped of the means of living. Moreover, they must often be prepared to encounter the risks of the battle-field without even the poor consolation of



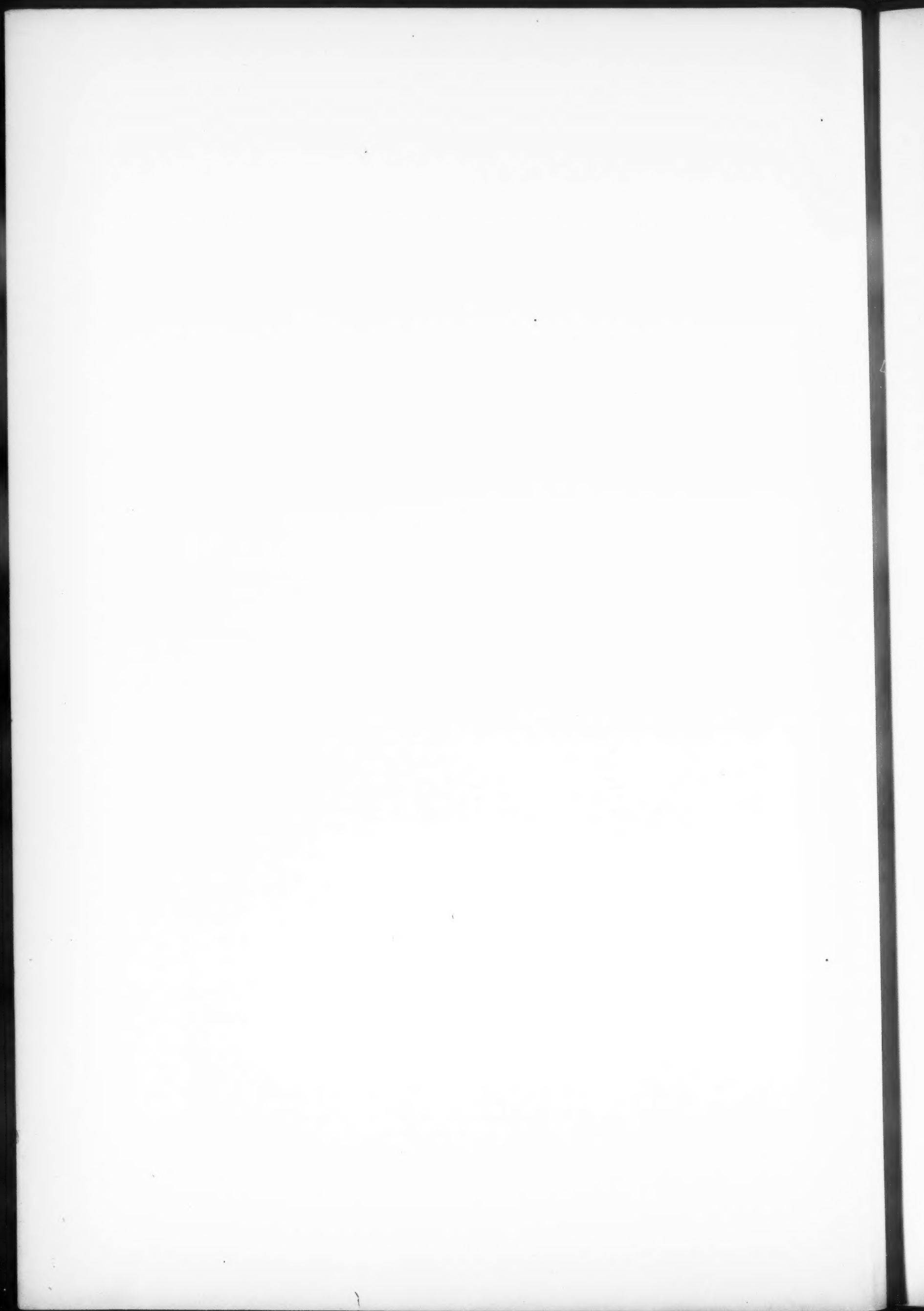
RUINS OF ROCHEFORT CASTLE.—E. PUTTAERT.

do with the bringing on of the struggle, and really know or care very little about the causes of the quarrel, or the ultimate result, until the war shall have sufficiently inflamed their passions to make them instinctively wish and work for the success of the side to which they belong. Even then, there must be some great cause of principle or of prejudice involved to prevent men from becoming restive under the burden which was thrown on the shoulders of even those farthest from the actual seat of war, whether victors or vanquished. Grievous as are the burdens to be borne by the subjects of the belligerent governments in general, they are as nothing compared to those which fall to the

having any part or interest in the struggle. They never know at what moment the shifting of the hostile armies may bring them unwittingly and unwillingly into the midst of the battle-field, to have their houses knocked about their ears, and themselves or their families driven from home and perhaps killed or wounded, without glory, and almost without pity from the soldiers around them. It is such a scene as this that Mr. Arnold has depicted in the striking picture of which we publish an engraving. It is evident that the house has been "under fire," and has been pretty roughly battered. The family, roused by the firing, fled to seek a place of safety, and the precipitancy of their flight is attested



GOING TO SCHOOL.—AFTER Mlle. JEANNE BÔLE.



by the things they have dropped at the door; the overturned bird cage, the book, the knife, the battered candlestick, half buried in the mud of the courtyard, all these are mute but sufficient witnesses of the haste which they made to get away from what bade fair to become a mausoleum for some or all of them. They were in too much hurry to remember their canine friend—for if they had taken the dog with them he would never have returned—who was undoubtedly chained in his kennel, and was sorely at a loss to understand why the family should all go away without a word to him. However, his supply of philosophy may have been sufficient to enable him to support that desertion with the reflection that he was left there to guard the premises; but, though he might be a sufficient protection against any ordinary intrusion of man or beast, he is not a dog of war, and could not be expected to make stand against shot and shell; and his poor faithful brain must have been sadly worried and puzzled at the strange missiles which came hurtling and shrieking past and around him, invisible except for the destruction wrought by them. One can imagine the frantic tugs at his chain; the violent struggles for release made by the poor animal, until at last one lucky pull sets him free, and with a tremendous bound he springs forth, upsetting his kennel; and, with drooping tail, he imitates his betters by setting off at full speed for some place where the atmosphere is free from such disagreeable flying things as he has seen here. Days have passed, the battle is over, and the poor brute is the first to come skulking home. Gaunt and worn, he ventures on the scene of his late terrors. He comes hesitatingly on the old familiar ground, obviously ready to retire promptly should unwelcome sound or harmful missile again invade these sacred precincts. How wistfully he gazes up the broken staircase, hoping, even while the conviction that he is deserted steals over him, that some of the family may yet come down to welcome and to succor him.

The picture is a well-conceived and well-executed work, and gives a vivid and truthful representation of "War's Desolation." It is one of the best of the works of Mr. Arnold, who is a rising artist of the Berlin school of the present day. —D. I. Reade.

THE ALMS-SEEKING FRIAR.

THERE is, or at least there was not long ago, somewhere in England, a hospital which was founded and conducted on the principle that no alms or grants of money should be sought by any one connected with it, from any mortal whomsoever, but all needed supplies should be prayed for in the full faith that somebody would be moved to respond with what happened to be required for the maintenance of the hospital and the sustenance of the inmates. At the last accounts the founder of this somewhat novel charity claimed that his plan had worked well, and that he had neither felt nor seen any necessity for breaking through his rule by sending out either agents, canvassers, or beggars of any sort whatsoever, everything that was needed for the support of the institution having made its appearance when most urgently required. Other similar institutions have been established, we believe, both in this country and in England, but we are without accurate data as to their success. Most hospitals, almshouses, and eleemosynary establishments generally, rely for their existence either on bequests, grants from the state or gifts from the charitable; and, as a rule, leave no stone unturned to secure these. This is true of all religions and all times, and perhaps is right and proper enough so far as concerns those institutions which minister to the needs of the sick and afflicted. There has always been, however, another class who equally claimed to be sustained by the community at large, whose title to such support was not quite so indisputable as that of the charities we have named. We refer to the large numbers of devotees who, under the various titles of monks, nuns, friars, hermits, recluses and the like, have given themselves up voluntarily to lives of religious contemplation, and religious and charitable offices, with more or less of asceticism and self-denial in their modes of life. Precisely when or where the idea was first promulgated that to live apart from the rest of the world, and to give up one's entire time to prayer and contemplation, was especially pleasing to deity we do not know; but that it has existed almost from the beginning of time, and that it has not been confined to any one

religion, is certain. Nor has there been much variety in the occupations of these recluses. Whether praying to Buddha or Christ they have displayed the same characteristics and in pretty much the same way. The words used might be different, but the meaning was practically the same. In India they have fakirs who make a great merit of living in dirt and filth; of torturing their flesh, and even of standing for an indefinite number of years on one leg; while in Christendom we have had—and have still—monks and hermits whose vows forbid washing, who wear hair shirts, flagellate themselves with knotted cords, and otherwise maltreat themselves; and we are moreover provided with an equivalent for the one-legged fakirs, in the person of St. Simon Stylites, who went rather beyond them, as we are told, by perching himself on the top of a tall pillar.

By whatever process of reasoning it was established that such exercises conferred upon the person practicing them an especial degree of sanctity, it is certain that that idea was thoroughly impressed upon the minds of mankind in general, and that the natural corollary, that the physical needs of men engaged in such holy occupations ought to be supplied by the worldly, was accepted with almost equal promptness and unanimity. The consequences of this state of things were the same in all countries and under all forms of religion. There sprung up a class, first, of individual hermits or recluses, who lived on their reputation—more or less deserved—for sanctity, and then came communities of monks and nuns which, in Europe during the Middle Ages, and even down to recent times, became a grievous tax and burden upon the industrious portion of the community. In many cases these communities were allowed by law to levy and collect certain taxes on the inhabitants of the surrounding country; but more often they lived chiefly by begging, or, what came to much the same thing, by exchanging religious offices for such good cheer as their neighbors could furnish.

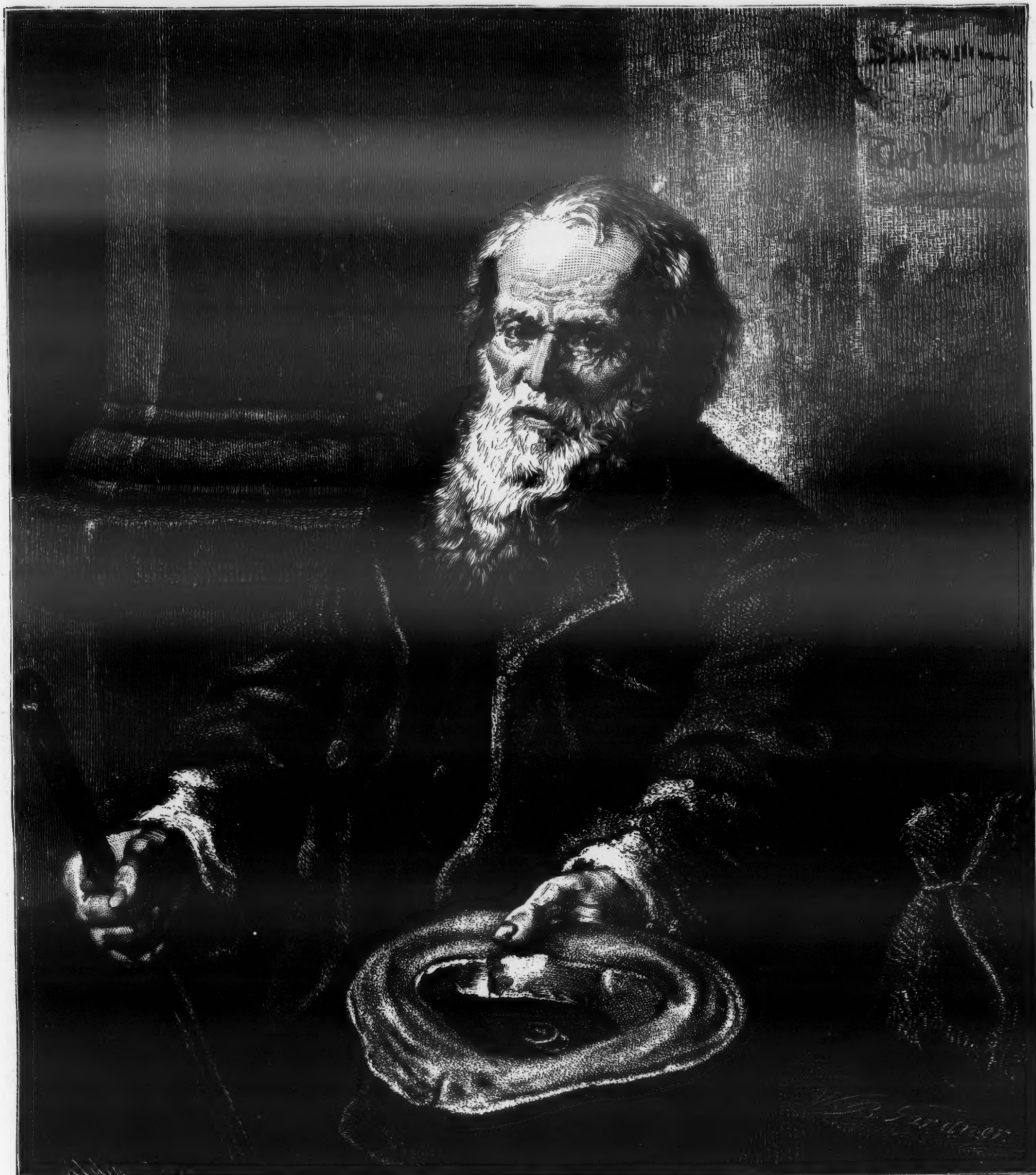
At the present day these societies are pretty thoroughly broken up even in those countries of Europe where they were most flourishing and most powerful. In Italy, indeed, where they were once most numerous, they have been very thoroughly eradicated by the government of Victor Emmanuel; but many still remain in France and Spain; and at certain seasons of the year it is not at all unusual to come upon such scenes as the one Mr. Pallière has depicted in the excellent picture of which we publish an engraving.

The picture tells its own story with admirable clearness. One of the monks has been sent out with a capacious bag upon his back, and a donkey with two enormous panniers, in search of fowls and other seasonable and available supplies for the larder of the monastery. He has succeeded in filling all his receptacles, and now purposes turning his steps homeward; but first stops to exchange a word with the little maiden whom he has encountered in the courtyard. The artist has shown much humor and a just appreciation of the story he desired to tell—a difficult thing for a young artist—in every detail of his picture. Note the retiring bashfulness of the young girl as the brother chucks her patronizingly under the chin and asks her—the time of day, or if she is well! Mark, also, the firm planting of the feet on the ground; the easy pose of the figures; the great mass of demi-tones which give such brilliancy to the light, and merge the shade of the friar's gown into the surrounding space. Though so dark, or rather so low in tone, it is full of light, a quality gotten only by careful study of nature. Jean Léon Pallière, the painter of the picture, is a promising artist of Paris, though a native of Brazil, having been born at Rio de Janeiro, of French parents. He was a pupil of Picot, and has shown an aptitude for painting similar scenes to the one we engrave—his "Visiting the Confessional," at the Centennial Exposition, having attracted much attention. The specimen of his work which we give is, however, a better sample of his style.

—J. A. Miller.

ROCHEFORT CASTLE.

A LITTLE south and east of the centre of France lies the Department of Puy-de-Dôme, containing an area of a little over three thousand square miles, and a population of about six hundred thousand people. It was formed, in part, from the ancient province of Auvergne, with the name of which readers of French



THE MENDICANT.—AFTER F. STAMMEL.

novels of the Middle Ages have been made tolerably familiar. The department is intersected by spurs of the mountains of Auvergne, a branch of the Cévennes, which serve to separate the valleys of the Allier and the Dore, which are the principal rivers. Those mountains are distinguished by a number of high *pays* or peaks, one of the highest of which, the Puy-de-Dôme, gives its name to the department. The whole surface of the country is mountainous, the character of the range being volcanic, containing several craters of extinct volcanoes among its peaks. The valleys are fertile and yield abundant crops, while among the mountains several valuable minerals are found.

The county of Auvergne was originally inhabited by the Averni, who, under Vercingetorix, proved Cæsar's most formidable allies. It was ruled by several different families until 979, when the county was made the hereditary possession of the

Counts of Auvergne, vassals of the Dukes of Aquitaine; and it passed with Aquitaine under the dominion of the English. In 1155 it was divided between the Dauphins of Auvergne—the elder branch of the house—and the Counts of Auvergne, the younger branch. The dauphiny passed, in 1428, to the Bourbon house of Montpensier; it was transferred by Catherine Medici to Charles of Angoulême, natural son of Charles IX. From him it was taken by Marguerite of Valois, in 1606, and she conveyed it to Louis XIII., then Dauphin of France, who, on his accession to the throne in 1610, attached it to the crown.

Near Rochefort, in the Puy-de-Dôme, a little town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, the chief town of its canton, are the ruins of a castle which was for many years the residence of the Dauphins of Auvergne; but which, since the extinction of that branch of the family, and the absorption of the county into the



THE LATE BREAKFAST.—E. MEISEL.

crown lands, has been allowed to go to decay with the result of making the picturesque pile of which we give an engraving. The ruins stand on a peak of basaltic rock considerably elevated above the surrounding country.

THE MENDICANT.

MENDICANCY, although more frequent among us than we could wish it were, has not yet become the established business which it is in most of the cities in Europe, and especially on the Continent. To be sure, we often find here, in our large cities, and especially in New York, beggars with regularly established routes or

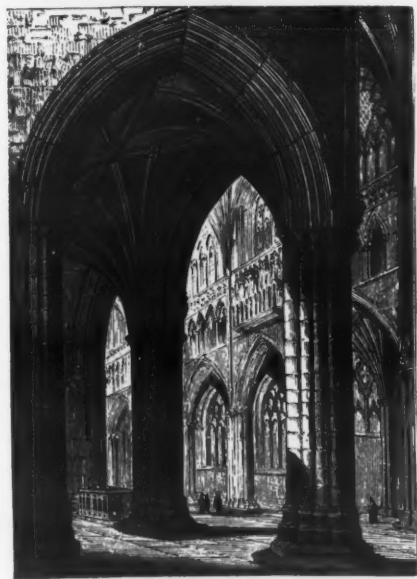
stations, their property in which is as much recognized by the fraternity as though they paid an annual rental for them; but, compared with almost any European city, the number of these gentry to be found in any American town is by no means to be considered large. The same thing, to a certain extent, may be said of London and other English towns. It is in Italy, in Germany, and, to a less extent perhaps, in France, that we must look for the genuine *lazzaroni*, the picturesque rascals like our friend in the picture, who look venerable enough for saints, but are too lazy to work, and wicked enough to engage in any scheme of deviltry or crime, which does not involve too much exertion and which promises to pay. They will not dig, and to beg are not the least ashamed—in fact, they rather prefer that mode of get-



EXETER CATHEDRAL.

ting a living to any other, provided only the *bajocchi* or *kreutzers* drop into the hat with sufficient rapidity. It is said of the Italian lazzaroni that when one of them has been induced to do anything useful, he can never be made to work after he has earned enough to purchase his macaroni for the day.

The picturesqueness of the rascals can not be denied, however, and many of them find employment which is more remunerative, and nearly as easy as begging, in sitting to artists as models for various characters according to their peculiar style of countenance and figure and the artist's needs at the time. Happy the beggar who possesses such a beard and such a venerable countenance as our friend in the engraving. The field which is open to him is of the very widest. He may be, by turns, Moses and all the prophets; Adam, Methuselah, Noah, Abraham and all the patriarchs; he could worthily represent Job or either of his three troublesome friends; and as for the Apostles, he could be painted for any one of them, unless it might be "the beloved John." Nearly the whole catalogue of male saints is open to him; and, to come down to more sublunary characters, he might be



VIEW ACROSS NAVE.

real a figure—one so little idealized. Every line shows careful and patient study of nature with palette and pencils in hand.

The painter of the picture is Mr. E. Stammel, a prominent member of the Düsseldorf school, as it is called, which may be

said to have been founded by Wilhelm Schadow, and which includes such artists as Lessing, Hasenclever, Leutze, Schreyer and others. A few years ago this school was probably more popular in this country than any other of the European art schools; and many pictures by Düsseldorf artists are still owned here. One of the characteristics of the school was, and is, great care in painting, and especially scenes and incidents of common life. Mr. Stammel is one of the most renowned of the artists of that school, and many of his pictures are to be found in the private collections of this country. His "Artist's Reverie" was exhibited a few years ago in New York, having been imported by Schaus, and attracted a good deal of attention. The most famous of his pictures, however, which has been brought to this country, if not the greatest he ever painted, was the "Damaged Armor," an engraving from which was published in THE ALDINE. It was imported by Mr. Earle, of Philadelphia, in 1868, and formed part of the justly celebrated collection of that gentleman.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

AMONG those noble and venerable structures, the cathedrals of England, is that of Exeter, one of the oldest and most beautiful of them all. It stands on the highest ground to be found in the exceedingly picturesque country in the midst of which it is situated; but its appearance when seen from a distance is not very imposing. Still it is the first object to strike the spectator on approaching the town, and is the one which most engages his attention. It was formerly

so surrounded with buildings as to render any near view of it impossible; but within a few years these have been removed, and one can now see nearly two-thirds of the exterior of the structure from a short distance. Its peculiarities of construction are such, however, as to detract very much from the grandeur of appearance it should present. But before speaking at length of its architectural features, we will take a brief glance at its history, which has been a somewhat remarkable one.

It would be too tedious to attempt to trace the history of the establishment of the see of Exeter, especially as very much of it is now so obscured by the mists of time as to be of very doubtful authenticity. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that in 1046 Edward the Confessor authorized the consolidation of the two dioceses of Devonshire and Cornwall, and himself, with his queen Edgitha, enthroned the Bishop Leofric in St. Peter's Abbey Church, which had been built for the Benedictine monks in 932, and which was selected as the cathedral church. It was, however, subsequently destroyed by fire, and a new cathedral was begun by Bishop Warelwast in 1112, and was completed about the end of the century. This was also burned, and there now remain of it only the two transept towers. The present structure (with the exception of the two towers alluded to), which may be called the third cathedral of Exeter, was begun by Peter Quivil, who was elected bishop in 1280, and was finished, except the Lady Chapel and some trifling details on the west front, by John Grandisson, who was chosen bishop in 1331, and held the see for forty years. The Lady Chapel and the finishing of the west front were done under the supervision of Thomas Brentyngham, Grandisson's successor in the bishopric, and the



WEST FRONT.

upper part of the chapter house was built by Edward Lacy, who died about 1455. The episcopal throne in the choir, the most remarkable structure of the kind in all England, was erected by John Boothe, who was bishop from 1465 to 1478.

The present structure, with the exception of the towers, belongs to entirely another age and another style from the building which it replaced, and of which the towers formed a part. The earlier structure was, so far as we can judge from the evidence of the towers, and what has been ascertained regarding the building, of the Anglo-Norman style, mingled more or less with the Early English, or Early Pointed style; it having been built at what might be considered the period of transition from the one of these schools to the other. The Anglo-Norman style was a modification of both the Saxon, which prevailed in England previous to the Conquest, and the continental Norman. In the early part of this period the semicircular arch of the Saxon style was retained, but with a larger opening, and a wealth of ornamentation in which the Saxon architects had not indulged. The columns, too, which in the Saxon period had been snort, with rude capitals and sometimes irregular imitations of Greek types, were much increased in height, though still of enormous diameter, and their capitals were of well-defined types either plain or decorated. The Norman windows were semicircular headed, like the Saxon; but larger, and often grouped together by twos or threes. The entrance arches of churches, too, are profusely decorated with mouldings, masks, wreaths, etc.; while in the Saxon period they were for the most part plain; all the decorations of that time presenting rather confused recollections of former styles than any attempt at establishing a distinct and separate style. Toward the close of the Anglo-Norman period pointed arches were sparingly introduced, chiefly in groups in the upper part of buildings, the round arch still being used in the lower portions. Another feature of this style was the absence of buttresses, the walls being very massive and plain, shallow piers being used in place of buttresses; whereas in the subsequent period buttresses came to be very generally used, as we shall see in examining Exeter Cathedral. Another feature of the churches of this period was the almost universal presence of the transept, with a tower at the junction between it and the nave. This feature, it will be observed, is lacking in the Exeter Cathedral; which has, indeed, the transept, but lacks the central tower; the transept being flanked by the two old towers of which we have spoken.

Succeeding the Anglo-Norman style came the Early English or Early Pointed style, which constitutes the first period of Gothic architecture in England, which was nearly a century behind continental Europe in adopting the Pointed style. The early specimens retain much of the massiveness characteristic of the Norman school; thus distinctly marking the transition period. This period is generally held to have ended about 1272, or eight years before the commencement of the present cathedral at Exeter. It was succeeded by what is known as the Decorated style, or the second period of the Pointed, sometimes also called the Middle Pointed style. It is to this period that the greater part of Exeter Cathedral must be referred. There are numerous points of difference between the Decorated (which may be considered the perfection of English Gothic) and its immediate predecessor, the Early English style, all of which we have not time to notice; but a few points are worthy of attention. In the Decorated style the arches are not quite so acute as in the Early English, and the mouldings are sometimes carried down to the base of the pier, or jamb, without interruption; the mouldings are of more regular section and less boldly undercut; the pillars are grouped in a different manner, and the shafts are joined together instead of being detached; while, at the same time, the carving of the capitals is more delicate and has a character all its own. The windows, however, are the greatest beauty of the Decorated style, being larger than the Early English, and divided into a greater number of lights; the heads are filled with a tracery sometimes of a flowing outline, as is the case in some of the most beautiful windows in England, and sometimes in geometrical patterns. The exteriors of this period differ from those of the Early English, chiefly in the elaborate ornamentation from which the style took its name. Buttresses were now freely used, were carried higher than before, were surmounted by pinnacles, and were profusely ornamented. Of this style the body of Exeter Cathedral presents a fine specimen, with the

faults to be hereafter noted, as the towers do of the Anglo-Norman style. The nave of this cathedral is one of the finest interiors of the Decorated style in England, save for the fact that it lacks height—its only defect, as one may say.

Concerning the manner in which funds were raised for the building of the cathedral, we have a story curiously illustrative of the power of the Church in those old times, of which relics are left even in our own time. "While Bishop Marshall," we are told, "was engaged in completing the Cathedral of Exeter, he required every housekeeper in the city to pay a sum yearly toward it at Whitsuntide; this probably was the origin of the payment of the diocesan farthing, which appears to have been required for centuries from every parishioner throughout that bishopric, and is still collected from the inhabitants of Exeter, though not applied as it formerly was to keep the cathedral in repair." A confirmation of this tax, on vellum, printed by Thomas Petyt, in the reign of Henry VIII., is said to be still preserved in the muniment room of the cathedral.

We give three engravings of Exeter Cathedral; one from the southeast, showing the main body of the nave, with one of the transept towers and the pinnacles of the other; another engraving shows the west, or principal front; while the third gives a view across the interior of the nave. From these three a very accurate idea can be formed of the general shape and appearance of the building, as well as of its architectural peculiarities. We have referred to these eccentricities as being such as to detract from the imposing appearance which one generally expects a cathedral to present, and which this one undoubtedly would present were it not for the peculiarities of construction to which we have alluded. In the first place, and this is its great defect, it lacks height; and this is only aggravated by the absence of a commanding central tower at the junction of the transept and nave, such as is usually found in churches of the Norman period and later. The two low, square transept towers, so far from replacing this in any degree, only serve to make matters worse by still further helping to detract from the apparent height of the body of the church. All these things are unfavorable to the external appearance of the building, either at a distance or near by. The whole effect is heavy and lumpy. It has, however, architectural details of great beauty, of first rate merit, and of immense variety. In everything except size it resembles many of the cathedrals of France; and, indeed, it was built soon after those it most resembles. Its dimensions are not such as to allow of its being classed with cathedrals of the first magnitude, though still of very respectable size. We give, as matter of interest, the interior dimensions, as follows: Extreme interior length, from western entrance to entrance of Lady Chapel, 320 feet; length of Lady Chapel, 60 feet; breadth of body of the church, 72 feet; length of nave, from western door to entrance of choir, 168 feet; thence to the new altar-screen, 127 feet; breadth of nave and choir clear of the columns, 33 feet 6 inches; breadth of aisles, 15 feet; length of transept, from north to south, 138 feet; breadth of transept, 28 feet 6 inches; height from the pavement to the top of the vaulting, 60 feet. This last item marks the great defect of the interior as it is of the exterior—lack of height adequate to the other dimensions, and to the style of the structure and the ornamentation. To correspond with the length, the vault should be at least twenty to thirty feet higher.

Before speaking more particularly of the interior, however, we will glance at the exterior. Exeter Cathedral is built in the form of a Latin cross, having its longest arm, according to the rule, extending from west to east, thus making the western the principal front. This front, as will be seen from the engraving, presents three stories. First is the basement, containing the portals, three in number, which are entirely covered with niches, all of which are filled with statues. Above this, and receding a little, is the west wall of the nave, in which is a magnificent original window, filled with most beautiful tracery in the style of the Decorated Gothic period, to which, as we have said, the body of the church belongs. Above this again, and receding behind the parapet, is the gable of the nave, containing a window similar in character, but of much smaller dimensions. This arrangement of receding stories is purely French, being common to the western fronts and transept fronts of French cathedrals. This western front should be most imposing, as it is most beautiful in its ornamentation and architectural details; but, in addition to the lack of height which

it shares with the whole building, there is a sloping wall built on each side of the west wall of the nave, as if to hide the buttresses between the nave and side aisles. These are heavily and elaborately ornamented, and serve to diminish the apparent height, thereby increasing an already existing fault, and giving an air of heaviness and clumsiness to the whole façade.

The interior, as we have said, lacks height; but this is absolutely the only fault that can be found with it: in all other respects it fully deserves all the praise that can be bestowed upon it. In its length and breadth, in its windows, its organ gallery and organ—both unrivaled in England—in its monuments, the bishop's throne already spoken of, the beauty of its detail and the uniformity of its architecture, it is everywhere excellent. Above all, however, to the lover of the Pointed style, or to the person desirous of studying it, the vaulted roof will be most attractive. Extending without interruption, there being no central tower, the whole length of the cathedral, being the longest stone vaulting of the Pointed style in existence, it presents a sight to gladden the heart of the lover of architecture, and one which is unrivaled in England. Notwithstanding the lack of height, it reminds one strongly of many of the French cathedrals, especially of the cathedral of Strasbourg, the nave of which is thought by many enthusiastic admirers of the Gothic to be too low. The nave at Exeter is supported upon "an arcade on each side of seven pillars and arches; the former beautifully clustered, the latter wide, but of graceful form and elegantly wrought with mouldings, and surfaces which correspond with the arrangement of the pillars on which they rest. The capitals of the pillars are exquisitely carved and of simple design. Their bases are equally good, and consist of three courses of mouldings. Between every two arches is an exceedingly rich corbel, composed of figures and foliage, and no two are alike. These support slender reeded columns, with highly decorated and studiously diversified capitals, from which spring the ribs of the vaulting."

With this description of the interior we close our sketch of this beautiful cathedral, without attempting to give any account of its monuments and other objects of interest. —*Sidney Grey.*

THE LATE BREAKFAST.

A SUFFICIENTLY commonplace incident, one would think—a breakfast accidentally delayed beyond the usual hour; and yet Mr. Meisel has contrived to make out of it not only an excellent drawing but a very suggestive picture as well. From the costumes of the two persons represented, it is evident that the breakfast is being eaten about the time the Directory was ruling or misruling Paris and France; and the seeds of anarchy, intrigue and debauchery, public and private, personal and political, were being sown broadcast over society. No wonder, then, the lord and master looks troubled over the newspaper. It was a time for each day's news to be looked forward to with apprehension and trembling. France, whose management has never been of the most stable, and which has changed rulers a dozen times within the last century, and has changed the form of government nearly as many—France was then in nearly as much confusion as if she had had no government at all. From the time of the Revolution of 1789 a Convention of the people had been sitting, with the avowed purpose of providing for the government of the nation; but the Convention had, from the first, been torn by party dissensions between the Jacobins, or extremists, and the Girondists, or moderate republicans. The extremists had held the supremacy, and for more than a year Robespierre had been virtually Dictator of France, until, in July, 1794, the nation had become satiated with the sight of blood; and the inevitable reaction had sent Robespierre and some of his more fanatical followers to the guillotine, and had placed the more moderate republicans in power. This party in the Convention framed a constitution which was adopted by the people, and went into operation in August, 1795. It provided for a legislative assembly consisting of two houses: the Council of Five Hundred; and the Council of Ancients, consisting of two hundred and fifty members over forty years old. The executive power was vested in a Directory of five; one of whom was chosen each year, by the Council of Ancients, from a list presented by the lower house. This scheme might have worked very well, notwithstanding its somewhat complicated

nature, had all those intrusted with the execution of it been sincere patriots; but unfortunately they were not; and the result was a succession of usurpations and struggles for supremacy which sufficed to keep both Paris and nearly all France in continual turmoil and anarchy. The royalists were constantly active and taking every advantage of the dissensions among the republicans; while to these political disturbing causes must be added the atmosphere of corruption, bribery, chicanery of all sorts; the pursuit of private ends by aid of the machinery of the public service; all which combined to cause a complete overturning of society, and to beget a feeling of alarm and insecurity in all classes, no matter how far removed, apparently, from any concern with the politics of the day. How the intrigues of the royalists were at last nearly successful; and how they were frustrated, and the corrupt and inefficient Directory was overthrown at a single blow by Napoleon in 1799, are matters of history which do not now concern us, although they were undoubtedly of importance to our friend, who is letting his breakfast cool while he anxiously studies his journal—the old *Gazette de France*, perhaps, which has been issued since 1631—to see who has been condemned to death or banishment; what new burdens of taxation or confiscation have been laid upon the already overburdened people; or what new pitfalls for unwary politicians have been uncovered. We do not know what his politics may be; but, whatever they are, it behooves him to be wary; for in those days men literally knew not what a day might bring forth; and the safe side of to-day was quite likely to be unsafe to-morrow.

As for madame, she is evidently not so much disturbed at the thoughts of the political situation. There were women in those times, to be sure, who took—or thought they took—profound interest in the politics of the day; but there were many thousands who thought more of their household duties, dress, and the other subjects which ordinarily engage the attention of ladies.

As a specimen of careful study and conscientious work, Mr. Meisel's picture is worthy of praise. The principal figures are drawn with spirit and with truthfulness. The attitudes are entirely natural and unconstrained, and are such as to display to advantage the artist's skill in drawing the human figure. The hound, too, is a perfect type of his breed, and evidently drawn from a careful study of living models. His beseeching attitude, asking in his mute way for recognition, and for some tidbit from the table; the position of his limbs, head and neck, even the curl of his tail, are all perfect and true to nature. The luxurious furnishings and elaborate decorations of the interior are appropriate to the age; and the whole forms a *genre* picture of which the artist has cause to be proud, and which we are pleased to lay before our readers.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

THE school-girl tripping lightly to her daily task has been an attractive sight since schools were. Nor do the characteristics which have constituted their claims for admiration seem to have varied much with the lapse of centuries. All remember the story of Virginia slain by her father in the market-place, to preserve her from the brutality of the Tarquins, out of which Macaulay made one of his stirring "Lays of Ancient Rome;" and all will recognize the truthfulness of the poet in making the innocence and unconsciousness of the little maiden no less an attraction than her beauty to all who saw her pass, morning and evening, on her way to and from school.

The school-girl of to-day is the same as the little Roman maiden of so long ago in all the essentials of girlhood. Costumes differ precisely as do school systems, and subjects and methods of study; but all the essentials remain without change. Of course we speak of girls, not of the little old women one sometimes meets who are keeping up the pretense of youth, when they have never really been young from their cradles. Such little dames we see occasionally in the streets or in carriages oftener than they ought to be seen—carrying their books, it is true, and hurrying to one or another fashionable school; but their thoughts are far enough away from either the studies or the amusements which ought to be appropriate to their age. These are, however, the exceptions to the rule; and there are, we are glad to know, still plenty of genuine school-girls left among us—



A BRITTANY SORCESS. - AFTER ROBERT WYLIE.

from the little girls who have not yet got beyond the amusement of dolls and the enjoyment of lollipops, to the older misses, who have indeed left the nursery, but who have not yet fairly entered into the estate of womanhood—are just halting upon the threshold, in fact, and not yet emancipated from a fondness for caramels and bon-bons. Who has not noticed them in the morning scurrying past, in groups, those of similar ages and pursuing the same studies together, each and all of them chattering like so many magpies about what? Does anybody really know what a bevy of mischievous school-girls talk about during their out-of-school hours? Their tongues are always going. One hears the merry, tinkling laugh, the comically grave "Oh's!" of wonder; or even, occasionally but not often, a brief expression of sorrow; but precisely what it is all about no man—nor woman, we fancy, may comprehend. Even were the impossible accomplished, and

der that so sympathetic an artist as Mlle. Jeanne Bôle should have made choice of one, as the subject for her charming picture, which attracted universal attention in the French Fine Arts Exhibition. Mlle. Bôle is a native of Paris, a pupil of Chaplin, and has gained a most enviable reputation among both the artists and art critics of Paris; and has become a great favorite with the general public as well, by her *genre* pictures of the style of the one which we engrave. She seems to delight in the painting of children and of scenes of homely life, and the public appreciate her and her labors. She possesses great tenderness and feeling for her subject, and expresses her ideas with clearness and with a most refreshing simplicity. There is nothing cumbrous, nothing far fetched, and no unnecessary bringing in of accessories; and yet the picture is, in its way, a perfect idyl. It is only a little girl going to school, with her well-thumbed portfolio under one



THE INDIGNANT ORPHANS. — AFTER GUSTAVE SÜS.

one of these deeply interesting conversations accurately reported, we have grave doubts whether it would be comprehensible to the average reader. No report has ever been published, however, although some fragments of what purported to be school-girl talk have been occasionally inserted in the newspapers; but we could never believe them accurate any more than we could the similar dialogues to be found in certain story books which profess to give us authentic pictures of the *vie intime*, so to speak, of school-girls. The fact is, that they live in a little world, or series of worlds, of their own, and no outsider can fully understand them. It is much more difficult to get any definite idea of the life of the school-girl than of that of her brother, for we have more than one good boys' book, while we can hardly recall a single really good story descriptive of the general current of school-girl life.

If we can not penetrate all the harmless secrets of their life, nor understand just how they think, and feel, and are moved, we can at least admire them, and that is precisely what we all do, all of us at least who are not the veriest churls alive; and it is no won-

der that so sympathetic an artist as Mlle. Jeanne Bôle should have made choice of one, as the subject for her charming picture, which attracted universal attention in the French Fine Arts Exhibition. Mlle. Bôle is a native of Paris, a pupil of Chaplin, and has gained a most enviable reputation among both the artists and art critics of Paris; and has become a great favorite with the general public as well, by her *genre* pictures of the style of the one which we engrave. She seems to delight in the painting of children and of scenes of homely life, and the public appreciate her and her labors. She possesses great tenderness and feeling for her subject, and expresses her ideas with clearness and with a most refreshing simplicity. There is nothing cumbrous, nothing far fetched, and no unnecessary bringing in of accessories; and yet the picture is, in its way, a perfect idyl. It is only a little girl going to school, with her well-thumbed portfolio under one arm, while on the other hangs the basket containing not only the book, which just peeps from under the cover, but also, we may be sure, what is probably quite as dear to her, a midday lunch of a cake, a tart, a rosy apple or two, or some similar delicacy—this is all there is of the picture, yet how perfectly is the whole story of her age, her life, and her errand told in it. The modest cap with which French school-girls cover their heads, the pleasant childish face, with just a spice of roguery, peeping out from under it; the trace of the universal love of ornament betrayed in the necklace of beads; the childish form in its neat dress; the spice of harmless coquetry displayed in the dainty lifting of the skirt, and the mantilla falling in graceful but careless folds from the shoulders—all these make up a perfect picture of childish grace and innocence well calculated to captivate a much less impressionable people than the Parisians. Several of Mlle. Bôle's pictures have been brought to this country, but have never been publicly exhibited here. Another thing worth studying in this picture is the thorough finish. This, as has been shown in an account of the system of art instruction in Paris, heretofore pub-

lished in *THE ALDINE*, is, in connection with accurate drawing, the great point aimed at in the modern French school. Pupils are there taught to draw, made to draw, and to draw accurately, and when they take up painting they are taught to finish their work before taking it from the easel. That Mlle. Bôle has profited by this system of instruction all her pictures have shown, she having established such a reputation that nothing but finished work is now expected from her studio. That the general expectation is not disappointed the picture which we engrave, and which is a fair sample of her work, abundantly proves. The engraving is an accurate reproduction of the original, in drawing, in handling of light and shade, and in expression, and we are sure our readers will thank us for putting before them a work so pleasing from its subject and so meritorious in itself.

THE ART SCHOOLS OF AMERICA.

THE subject of art education, during recent years, has taken firm hold in the United States, and is to-day recognized as one of the most important elements of elegant and useful culture in the educational system of the several States. Twenty-five years ago there were no art schools, or institutions recognized as such, outside of the three or four principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard; but now they are scattered all over the country from the east to the far west, and the advantages offered to students are of the highest order. Unlike the institutions of the great art centres of Europe, we have no distinct schools of art under the direction of one professor whose method is blindly followed by the student at the expense of individuality; but, instead of these, we have a recognized system of art study in the pursuit of which the pupil is allowed to follow the dictates of his own genius uninfluenced by masters or academic rules.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, some four or five years ago, adopted a system of State art education for its public schools, and Mr. Walter Smith, an accomplished teacher of drawing from the South Kensington Museum in London, was appointed chief director of the system. In all of the large towns and cities of the State the study of art, as introduced by Mr. Smith, has worked admirably. In his various reports, made from time to time to the General Assembly of the State, he has complained of the difficulty experienced in securing proper teachers to carry on the work in interior cities and towns; but this will be remedied in the course of a few years, as pupils are graduated from the classes under his own supervision in Boston. The advantages shown by this thorough system of art education are manifold, and we need go no farther than the latter city to understand its great advantages. It is generally conceded by connoisseurs that the decorative tiles, porcelain paintings and designs generally, which come under the head of household art, executed by the pupils in the schools of Boston, excel all others. The Massachusetts system does not, we believe, include color studies, but only the groundwork of art, namely, drawing in black and white; and, from this basis, the other accomplishments of decorative and pictorial art follow.

The State of New York has no established system of art education, although there is scarcely an institution of learning in any of its principal cities which does not include drawing and painting among its studies. In the city of New York the free schools of design of the National Academy enjoy a reputation for excellence second to none in the United States. The properties of the schools, in the way of statues from the antique, busts and fragments, are ample, and the class rooms well arranged. The schools are divided into the usual classes of study from life and the antique, and are in charge of a professor. A school for painting was organized three years ago, but was abandoned after a brief trial. The National Academy schools are especially designed for advanced students who intend to pursue art as a profession. Many of our most accomplished artists were graduated from these schools. A school of design, such as this claims to be, should be, however, more extended in its system of instruction; and, until it can claim a school of painting in its course, it can never attain the high character of a national institution, such as its name would lead the young art student to believe.

The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art is one of the most beneficent institutions in the country. It was

founded for the benefit of earnest young men and women who are struggling to acquire an art education and have no means to attain that much-desired end. Its course of study comprises the sciences as well as art, and pupils incur no expenses except for text books and drawing materials. It has a corps of professors equal in ability to any in the United States. The course of study in the art department comprises mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, perspective drawing, drawing from the cast, drawing from copy, drawing from form and life, modeling in clay, and drawing on wood and wood engraving. Several hundred pupils enjoy the advantages of the institution every year. No special qualifications for admission are required. Beginners in art study are assigned to the elementary classes, while the more advanced pupils are awarded places such as their standing will warrant. When graduated, students taking the whole course are awarded the great Cooper Union medal. Other—gold, silver and bronze—medals are awarded to class pupils at the end of each school year. The entire annual expense of carrying on this institution is more than \$50,000, and it forms altogether the noblest monument to art, erected through the munificence of one man, in this or any other country.

The Art-Students' League is a new institution, formed by the advanced pupils of the National Academy of Design. It has an efficient corps of instructors, the principal of which are Walker Shirlaw and F. Waller, and is unquestionably one of the best schools for young artists in New York. It maintains three life classes, held daily; and portrait and sketching classes. Applicants for admission to the schools are required to submit drawings, but in the case of professional artists this requisition is waived. The terms of tuition vary according to the studies pursued. There is a professorship of drawing in the University of the City of New York, but the department has no organization, we believe, and exists only in name.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., the Board of Education introduced the study of drawing in the public school course several years ago, and it now forms a regular part of the educational system of the city. Seven teachers are employed to conduct the classes in the various schools, and the object of the director is to stimulate the pupils to create original designs instead of producing copies. Designs for household decoration are those most desired. The system is similar to that introduced into the Massachusetts schools by Mr. Walter Smith, and one of his most accomplished pupils is at its head. The schools of design of the Brooklyn Art Association are free, and will accommodate about seventy-five pupils. They comprise antique and life classes, and are well supplied with statues and casts. Three teachers are usually employed during the session of the classes. The Brooklyn Institute is an institution which was founded for free art education by a benevolent gentleman named Graham. It maintains classes in architectural drawing, and drawing from the antique and life; and is doing good work in the cause of culture. It has excellent class rooms, and its schools are under the direction of an accomplished artist. In Brooklyn art classes were also formed, a few years ago, in the Packer, Polytechnic and Adelphi academies; and art is now a part of the regular course of study. In the latter institution all persons who desire to study in the life class are admitted, although not otherwise connected with the school. In these institutions the art departments have been regularly established under the direction of leading artists.

Yale College was the first institution in the United States to establish an art professorship. It possesses one of the finest art buildings, for the accommodation of its school, in the country, and its properties, such as statues and casts, are also very valuable. In addition to the casts from the antique the college owns the famous Jarves collection of old masters, the Trumbull gallery, and many other paintings and several marble statues. Yale College is indebted to the munificent liberality of the late Augustus R. Street, of New Haven, for the erection of this magnificent structure; and to his wife, the late Mrs. Street, who recently died, for a liberal endowment for the support of its faculty. The school was established exclusively for the benefit of Yale College, and the pupils of that institution thereby enjoy advantages which are not shared by any other school in the country.

In Central New York there are the Syracuse University of Fine Arts, where advanced students enjoy thorough training in life and antique classes, and sketching from nature; and the

Ingham University or College, where like studies are pursued. In both of these institutions competent professors are employed to direct the art classes. At the Vassar College for Young Ladies there is a strong art department, under the direction of Professor Van Ingen, where drawing from the life and cast, as well as painting in oil and water colors, are taught to the pupils as a part of the regular course of study. The Vassar College possesses a valuable collection of casts, photographs of sculptures and paintings, and other works of art, besides an art library of more than six hundred volumes.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is the oldest institution in the country. It was incorporated in 1806, and at that early date possessed a collection of copies of famous statues of great value. Its schools of design are free, and have been very prosperous for many years. Their sessions were interrupted while the Academy Corporation was engaged in the erection of its new building; but that was finished last year, and the schools are again in successful operation. The class rooms are in the lower story of the edifice, and are admirably arranged for drawing, modeling and painting. There is also a large gallery provided for class lectures. The academy owns two hundred and fifty-six casts from the antique; about one hundred and fifty ancient and modern paintings; several fine modern sculptures, and a good art library. The Philadelphia School of Design for Women, founded in 1847, is designed for the systematic training of young women in a knowledge of the principles and practice of the arts of design, as applied to the shaping and adornment of our manufactures. The school is divided into three classes, viz., ornament, with its subdivision into sections, landscape and the human figure. The school has a large collection of casts and other material for art study. It is under the direction of Miss E. Cronsedale, who was graduated at the South Kensington School in London. The charges for tuition are \$20 a session.

The free schools of design of the University of Cincinnati are supported from a fund bequeathed for the education of boys and girls by the late Charles McMicken. The course of study comprises, first, drawing straight and curved lines and from the flat; second, drawing from shaded, round, and solid models, casts, flowers and fruit; third, drawing from life, animals, birds, and composition and design; and fourth, composition and design, and special studies. Candidates for admission must live in Cincinnati. There is, also, a department of wood carving and modeling. The faculty consists of six competent professors. In Chicago the Academy of Design maintains an excellent school, but its opportunities for usefulness were greatly impaired when its galleries were destroyed by the great fire which devastated that city a few years ago. The San Francisco Art Association organized a school of design in 1873, and since that time it has been in successful operation. It can accommodate about one hundred pupils, and is under the direction of Virgil Williams, an accomplished artist, formerly of Boston. Altogether there are more than three hundred institutions in the United States which possess facilities for art training. In Michigan the subject of art education in the public schools has caused considerable discussion; and free hand drawing may soon be adopted in the State institutions as a part of the educational system.

Every person interested in art matters will be rejoiced at the progress of taste and culture in this country. Drawing in our public institutions stimulates a love for the beautiful in the home circle, and will give to our young men and young women an accomplishment which may prove of lasting benefit.

—Theodore C. Grannis.

THE INDIGNANT ORPHANS.

THERE is, probably, no more fertile field for the painter of *genre* pictures—especially if he happen to be a lover of the lower animals—than the barn-yard of almost any ordinary farmhouse. Poultry of every sort have characteristics all their own; and, in conjunction with the cats and dogs who usually find their way to the yard, show them plainly enough. From the youngest chick to the most venerable senior of the feathered community, each individual has his or her idiosyncrasies, which both give it an individual character, and make it, to a certain extent, a type of its race and class. There are those who assert that all babies

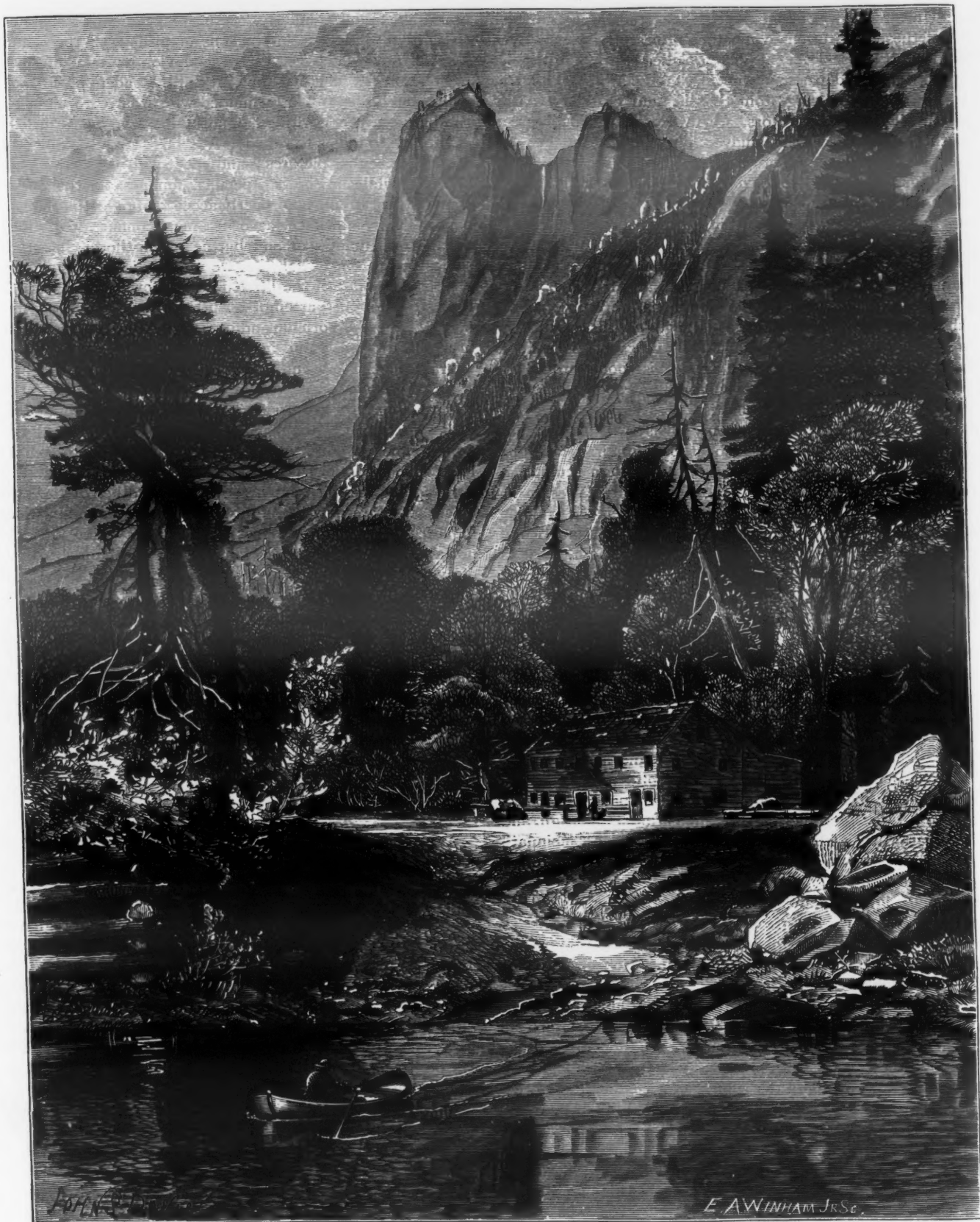
look alike; and, similarly, there are people who maintain that there is no difference in chickens or in dogs of the same breed. This is, however, a very superficial view to take of so grave a matter, and Mr. Süs has found it out. Readers of THE ALDINE will scarcely need to be reminded with what care he has studied the barn-yard, nor with what faithfulness he has transferred the result of his studies to canvas. We have already published several of his peculiar pictures; and yet it will be found, on comparison, that while he shows a peculiar fondness for this one class of subjects, he can not be properly accused of repeating himself. He paints chiefly chickens, as other men confine themselves principally to men and women; but he has so thoroughly studied his subject and his material, that we find in his various pictures only different episodes of the life led by the fowls he seems to love so well, and not any attempt at fitting all fowldom to the same mould. There is both fun and pathos—genuine humor, in short—in all his pictures; and in none more than in the one which we engrave in the present number of THE ALDINE. The whole story of the picture is so well told that it seems almost a work of supererogation to refer to it; and yet we can not refrain from calling attention to the masterly way in which the work has been done. The mischievous terrier, who has a "lean and hungry look," like a sort of canine Cassius, has evidently, in a fit of hunger, rage or mischief, eaten the worthy mother of the orphaned chicks, who are now bewailing their loss and assailing him with inquiries as to their mamma's whereabouts, which are evidently not a little embarrassing to him. He would undoubtedly like to disavow all knowledge of missing Dame Partlett's fate; but the *disjecta membra* lying around would suffice to convict him, even if one of the orphans had not, finding a pinion of its dead mother, already caught sight of the scroll which records her name and fate. The close, painstaking drawing displayed in this picture, and the keen sense of true humor shown in the composition and in the expression thrown into the faces and attitudes of both dog and chickens, stamp this as one of the best of the many good things done by the artist.

BEAUTIES OF THE YO SEMITE.

WE have already given in THE ALDINE an account of the general topography of the Yo Semite Valley, or valley of the Merced River, together with a history of its discovery and occupation by white men, and we now continue our illustrations of particular features of the scenery of that renowned region by the production of two more engravings from drawings by Mr. Davis, both of which will at once be recognized by those who have visited the region, as accurate reproductions of well-known views.

The first represents the Hutchings Hotel, which stands on the south bank of the Merced, and just at the foot of the slope which rises gradually from the narrow plateau to the lofty crest of the wall of the cañon. This hotel was built by Mr. Hutchings, one of the earliest pioneers of the valley, and for several years was kept by him as well. It has since passed into other hands, but retains its original title. Mr. Hutchings, who owns a seat on the opposite side of the stream, is still an enthusiastic lover of the valley and its scenery, making a point of "camping out" there for several weeks of each summer.

The crest of the cañon is very sinuous on both sides the river, the sinuosities of one side following those of the other, being closely governed by those of the stream which wore away the rocks to make the valley. It will be seen that on the south side the foot of the bluff comes very nearly to the bank of the river, the space between the hotel and the river being very narrow indeed. On the north side, on the other hand, opposite the hotel, the foot of the bluff—where Mr. Hutchings built his private residence—is nearly a quarter of a mile from the river. And yet, from Mr. Hutchings' house to the top of the crest behind it is only about half as far as from the hotel to the top of the crest on the south side. The high peak shown in our engraving, as seen in the distance, is what is known as Sentinel Rock. It is a slender spire of granite rising from a point of rocks which juts into the valley about a quarter of a mile in a direct line below the hotel; although from the latter to the top of the peak, in an "air line," is about a mile and a quarter. The entire height of the summit of Sentinel Rock is set down at 3,043 feet above the valley.



HUTCHINGS HOTEL—SENTINEL ROCK IN THE DISTANCE.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

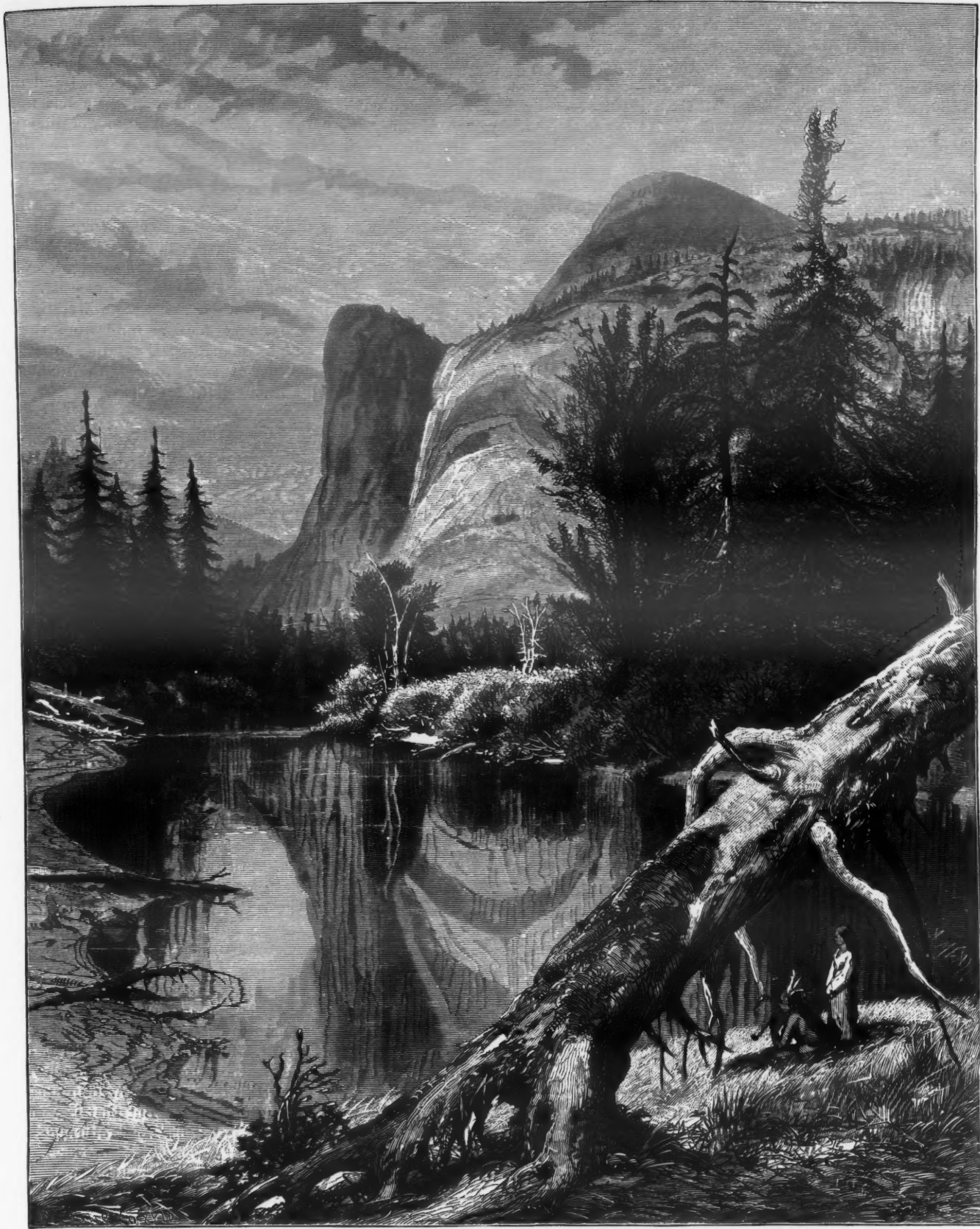
although the obelisk portion is only 1,000 feet from the summit to where it unites with the wall of the valley. In this picture will be recognized the peculiar faithfulness and originality of method to which we have alluded in speaking of other of Mr. Davis's pictures. The characteristic "scragginess" of the trees is perfectly preserved, as is also the appearance of the rocks spoken of in a former article, caused by the reflection of the sun from portions of the grayish white granite forming a portion of the barrier.

About two miles above the hotel, and just above the junction of the Tenaya fork with the Merced, the wall of the valley unites with that of the Tenaya Cañon in a sharp point, from which rises what is known as the Washington Column. South of this, in the wall of the Merced Valley, is an immense arched cavity called the Royal Arches; and back of it, almost directly west of Wash-

ington Column, rises the noble North Dome. These three striking features form the subject of our second picture. The North Dome is, as will be seen, a dome-shaped mass of granite 3,568 feet above the valley. Altogether, this is one of the most magnificent scenes in the region, and our engraving does it full justice.

AN ENGLISH ROSE.

PRECISELY how closely the sculptors of ancient Greece and Rome, those whose works—such as have descended to us—we delight to term classical, adhered to the phases of nature which they saw around them, it is not quite easy for us at this day to determine with certainty. That they studied nature, especially



WASHINGTON TOWER AND THE NORTH DOME.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

in their reproductions of the human form, is obvious enough from the perfect knowledge of general anatomy which they display; but whether we are to take the minor details of features and expression as typical, or are to consider them as ideals only, may admit of question. The Greek sculptors were the first, so far as we now have any records to show, to emancipate themselves from the priestly influences under which the early Egyptian and other Oriental sculptors had labored, and loose their imaginations; following in this the poets, whose conceptions often furnished them themes for their works. Whether, under these circumstances, they copied the faces and forms which they were accustomed to meet daily, or not, we can not say with absolute certainty. It would seem probable at first sight that they did; and that in the ideal statues of gods and goddesses, heroes and

nymphs, we have repetitions of real existing types of the Greek of the day. To a certain extent, too, this theory is sustained by such portraits as have come down to us from those remote times; but, on the other hand, one finds it difficult to believe that the prevailing type of face and figure has ever been of such a regular and apparently artificial cast as is that which we now recognize as Grecian. The attitudes, drapery, and general methods of posing the figures introduced in their groups or their single figures, can more readily be believed to have been copied to a certain extent from their surroundings; for, so far as costumes were concerned, they had but to use the easy, flowing drapery which was then the fashionable apparel of the day, in order to secure at once the very perfection of clothing for artistic purposes. It is undoubtedly the province of drapery, whether in

sculpture or painting, to cover without concealing the outlines of the form in which are contained all the essential elements of beauty. How perfectly the Greek and Roman costumes were adapted to this purpose; how perfectly they followed the contour of the body, falling naturally into graceful folds where not sustained by the form of the wearer; all these can be seen by a glance at any statue of the classical period. As to the attitudes and positions of the statues of this period, they are not only the perfection of grace, but may well have been to a great extent copied direct from nature; for the Greeks had not only the natural grace which a high degree of cultivation always begets, but they were what might be almost termed worshippers of the body; to the perfection of which even the most assiduous students among them devoted no small portion of their time. No nation ever more thoroughly understood the value of the healthy mind in the healthy body than did the Greeks; and no people ever more fully illustrated the physical beauty which a free untrammelled life in the open air always gives.

It is probable, then, that setting aside the question of the type of countenance as not perhaps fully settled, the style of sculpture which the Greeks have left to us, and to which we now give the appellation of classical, was derived from the study of the living men and women of the day. This style has maintained its supremacy, especially in the domain of ideal art, ever since. Being the highest and most perfect type of physical beauty which the world has ever produced, it has been and ought to be allowed to dominate our ideas, in so far as furnishing the standard of abstract beauty is concerned. In purely ideal compositions, also, classic art furnishes a safe and æsthetically correct model of style. But when it is attempted to bend all sculpture to the strict rules of the classic age; or the no less strict and much less purely correct styles of mediæval or renaissance art, it may be questioned whether a mistake is not made. Plenty of examples of this unnatural forcing will occur to every reader who has examined with any care the majority of modern portrait statues, or of what may be called the *genre* groups, the work of recent sculptors. It is not our intention in this place to enter into a consideration of the precise weight which should be given to the demands of classic rules of art in such work, nor how far the artist should adhere to the realities of the life around him; we wish only to call attention to the subject as one which must be borne in mind in order to obtain a fair or sound judgment upon the works of certain artists who have chosen to step aside from all the conventionalities of recognized schools and find their inspiration in the every-day life around them.

One such artist is Mr. G. Halse, an English sculptor of rising fame, one of whose most characteristic works we engrave in the present number of THE ALDINE. Mr. Halse has styled his work "An English Rose;" and has thus, in giving it a title, indicated much of his purpose in producing it. It will be seen that he has given us not a Grecian or a Roman maiden selling flowers, but a typical English flower girl. Her face possesses beauty, but there is no hint of classicism in its contour or expression; her form, too, though graceful in pose and admirable in modeling, is a form of to-day, and of England as well, having the healthful plumpness and firmness characteristic of the English maiden. If Mr. Halse has yielded to a slight extent to classical ideas in the drapery of the figure, he has not departed in any essential degree from the general style of dress which one would find on the

original of the little rose merchant. Every American will at once be reminded, in studying Mr. Halse's work, of the works of our own Rogers, who has also made himself distinctively the sculptor of the every-day life around us; and, for the most part, of homely country life, where are found the most picturesque and marked types of national life; and with a success which has not only given him a national reputation, but has brought him praises from artists of world-wide reputation as well. The likeness between Mr. Rogers and Mr. Halse consists in that they are both doing what, as we have said, their Greek predecessors did to a certain extent—perpetuating in their works the typical forms and countenances of the generation in which they live. They differ, chiefly in that Mr. Halse has idealized, to a certain extent, even the homeliest subjects; while Mr. Rogers' compositions are almost literally faithful copies of nature—and from them the archæologist of the future may reconstruct American life of the humbler sort with absolute exactness.



AN ENGLISH ROSE.—BY G. HALSE.

OLD-WORLD GOSSIP.

HEROINES of the stage, and particularly of the opera, impress themselves upon the young imagination and hearts. Middle life is not without that romance, too; but we speak now of the years ending in "teen," when romance loves to weave itself around the form of a young *diva* appearing in the dazzle of stage setting, costumed in robes of bygone centuries, and singing her woes in an angelic voice—a personage separate from the ordinary world around us; a divinity all to himself, whose voice is his boyish joy, whose mimic sorrows wring his heart. We look upon them as creatures of another world, whose lives are written on the "staff," divided into musical measures to be accompanied always by an orchestra. Ah, what a paradise was that of Patti, Kellogg, Nilsson! More than the rest we loved Miss Kellogg: why, we do not know. Perhaps it was her youth, artlessness and modesty, and that she was purely American. We always thought of her as Marguerite of "Faust," and that character will remain in our memory as long as the other name. Marguerite the sinned against, the forsaken, the type of womanly love: our heartiest tears have flowed in unison with her mimic ones. But that is some years ago. She left us. She returned; but our Marguerite was gone forever. We are older; have seen a little more of life; have become acquainted with a few lives of our cherished idols of that other world

of glamour; the enthusiastic faith of years is dispelled; the stars fallen from their firmament; but the music that drew us to them remains. A well-remembered air comes to us, invokes regretted images of other days, and soothes the heart for its lost illusions.

Dear readers, you have all felt somewhat the same interest in such lives; and there are many worthy of that interest who really are entitled to be called "stars" in private life as in public. You will forgive us for desecrating youthful altars in placing before your eyes a few facts brought to view by the suit of Adelina Patti, who is endeavoring to free herself from her unfortunate marriage tie. The trial brings to light facts that one would wish, for the sake of the romance of which we have spoken, were never published, but which we feel THE ALDINE in its rôle can not pretend to ignore. That Adelina Patti, no matter what her faults may be, is quite justified in demanding her divorce, there can be no doubt. Her husband, the Marquis de Caux, by law is entitled to



HARD PRESSED. — AFTER RICHARD ANSELL, R. A.

receive the earnings of his wife, which have been to him an income counted by millions. French justice seems to sleep on the singer's side, but have its eyes wide open upon the side of a poor "noble of France," and is inclined to give the worthy marquis a new lease upon the talents and fortune of his abused wife.

It is true the journals opposed to Adelina Patti say that the songstress desires her release from her marriage tie in order to follow in the way her mother took before her. According to the Italian journal *Italie*, Adelina's mother was a washerwoman who sang in ear-splitting notes over her tub. The maestro Barili encountered her: made of her first a cantatrice; then his wife. After a remarkable season at Naples, where she sang twenty-two times in Bellini's "Norma," then at the Scala of Milan, Madame Barili signed an engagement for Rio Janeiro, to which place she went with her husband and two children, Todo and Pietro. There was singing at that time at the theatre of Rio Janeiro, a tenor, who had a good figure and was endowed with a splendid voice. His name was Patti. As much as the tenor Patti was beautiful, the maestro Barili was awkward and ugly. It happened as it almost always happens in such cases; that is to say that the *prima donna* fell desperately in love with the tenor, and one fine day, or rather one beautiful night, the *diva* abandoned the nuptial couch. What was the husband to do in such a case? He appealed to the authorities the next day even to bring back in spite of herself the strayed lamb to the conjugal domicile. But the lamb remained strayed, and M. Barili decided finally to return with his children to Europe. He went to Rome, where he devoted himself entirely to the musical instruction of his two sons.

While Barili was legally instructing and educating his sons, Mme. Barili illegally gave birth to four children—three daughters and one son—Carlotta, Adelina, Amelia and Carlo. The pain that this separation caused poor Barili was so great, that he sought all sorts of means for distraction. The only consolation that he finally preferred to all others was wine. Each day's recollections of an ungrateful wife and his profound sorrow were drowned in wine. In 1847 he died. His son Antonio (Todo) Barili returned to his mother in Spain. "You are Todo, are you! Ah, how ugly you are! You are as ugly as your father!" It was so the mother received her child.

In spite of the bad reception, the brave Antonio remained with his mother, and guided the musical education of his three sisters. Notwithstanding, after four years of an existence no longer supportable, Antonio, tired of bad treatment at the hands of his mother, abandoned Spain for America, a few days after Mme. Patti had the courage to precipitate her daughter Carlotta from the top of the stairs of her house. The poor girl in her fall had the femur broken, and continued lame for the remainder of her life. The journal finishes by saying that Mme. Barili, become the "old" Patti, returned to Rome, where she did penance, going every morning to hear three masses in the church of St. Andrea delle Fratte. She died in 1872, and Adelina erected a splendid monument in the form of a pyramid in the Campo Verano.

To this, Carlotta addressed a reply to the director of the journal from which we extract, as follows:

ST. JAMES, October 3, 1877.

SIR: I have just read in your journal an article which expresses itself in odious terms upon the memory of my mother. That article is from the first word to the last a tissue of lies; and to give you a simple proof, I will say to you that I have never been the victim of any act of violence on the part of my mother. All the other information is of equally pure invention, and of such inexactitude that I disdain to notice it. I do not doubt but your good faith has been surprised by the article in the foreign journal mentioned, and I am persuaded that you will willingly insert this note in your next number. Be so kind as to receive, sir, the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments.

CARLOTTA PATTI.

To which the *Italie* replies to the director of the Paris journal, who had telegraphed for information concerning the truth of its statement:

ROME, October 4, 1877.

SIR: The reporter who furnished me with the information concerning the Patti family has it from a Mr. Gigli, a gallant gentleman who lives in Rome upon his income. He has a brother, commandant of the fire corps, and another was colonel of the National Guard when there was a National Guard. Mr. Gigli was intimately acquainted in Mexico—and before that in Rome—with Barili, the first husband of mamma Patti, and his son Todo. He lived three years in Mexico in the greatest intimacy with the last named. They lodged in the same chamber, and at night Todo made his confidences, telling how much his mother had been *legère*, and had caused his father, old Barili, to suffer. It was also Todo who told to Mr. Gigli the scene between Carlotta and her mother, who with a kick sent her daughter rolling down stairs, and broke her leg. The next day, Todo, decidedly disgusted with the agreeable character of his mother, quitted Madrid. * * *

Receive, sir, my cordial salutations,

H. HARDUIN.

Our readers can arrange the *drame intime* to please themselves. We will only remark that no further reply has been made either by Carlotta or Adelina. In connection with this process we find the histories of two other notables of the stage, one a singer, the other a remarkable actress who also had been a singer, pleading the nullity of their marriages before the Tribune—processes which had great "success" in their day; in fact, all classes of society were enormously interested—and which recall, by the analogies of detail and of the unheard-of morality, the history always old, yet always new, of those exquisite creatures whose art, beauty, independence, pride and caprices so often rebel against the duties of a marriage generally hastily contracted, and who never cease, though culpable in the eyes of the law, to interest in the city those whom they have charmed at the theatre.

All, notwithstanding—and it is necessary to lay stress upon this reserve—have not found the disillusion of their dreams in hymeneal ties. If the names of Malibran, the Grisi, the Cinti-Damoreau, the Stoltz, the Taglioni, the Patti, etc., have sounded in the tribunals, with what respect, on the other hand, as wives and as mothers, were and are still surrounded the Catalanis, the Sontags, the Dorus-Gras, the Cruvellis, the Carvalhos, the Rose Chéris, the Nilssons? Those, too, like Malibran and Grisi, who were not happy in the first husband, but were models of tenderness and devotion for the second. We are sure the lovers of THE ALDINE will not find the reading of these two pages uninteresting nor useless.

—John Steeple.

HARD PRESSED.

WHETHER or not Sir Edwin Landseer left a successor—and if so what is his name—are questions which have not yet been satisfactorily answered by either English or American critics. There is no lack of painters of animals in either country; and some of them are apparently not ashamed to be known as, if not imitators, at least followers and disciples of the great Academician. The trouble is, however, that there has not yet arisen the man who is universally conceded to love the animal creation as much, and to paint it as well, as did the great Academician. To most connoisseurs of pictures the first name to be thought of, when the subject of animal painting is mentioned, would undoubtedly be that of Richard Ansdell, although there are critics who rank him below Hill and other English artists. In this opinion we do not coincide, nor do we believe that it is shared by the majority of art critics on either side of the water. So long as the feeling exists, however, it can not be ignored, nor can Mr. Ansdell be put in the place to which we think his talents and his achievements fully entitle him. It is quite probable that he, like many another man who has won fame in art or literature, will fail to be fully recognized by the multitude during life; and that his name will only be properly honored when he shall have ceased to care what may be said about it.

Mr. Ansdell resembles Landseer in that he paints chiefly animals or birds—especially game birds—and usually out-of-doors. He is, nevertheless, no imitator of Landseer, having marked out a distinct path for himself in which he has walked without faltering and with no uncertain footsteps. To indicate all the points of difference and of resemblance between the two painters would be almost impossible in any article of reasonable length; but it has always seemed to us that Landseer, like our own W. H. Beard, looked more to the mental, or what we usually term the human characteristics of the animals he undertook to paint. In most of his pictures the animals represented are doing precisely what men would have done under the same circumstances; and with expressions, gestures and attitudes entirely human. While, therefore, his pictures are wonderful in the exact knowledge they display of the anatomy and characteristics of the lower animals, they are more studies of what those animals might do or become than of what they really are and what they actually do.

Mr. Ansdell, on the other hand, is a close student of the animal creation, in actual rather than in supposititious situations. Whether or not he has as thoroughly penetrated and comprehended the mental philosophy—so to speak—of animal life as Landseer did, it would not, perhaps, be easy to say with absolute certainty; but it is capable of easy demonstration that he deserves to be ranked at least alongside of Landseer in his capa-



FEEDING BABY.—AFTER LÉON PERRAULT.

bility for representing the outward and apparent life of the creatures he has undertaken to paint. Those who remember his two pictures at the Centennial, "On the Hills, Ptarmigan Shooting," and "The Anxious Mother," will not fail to bear witness to the thorough exactness and accuracy of their representations, notwithstanding the slight spice of idealization which characterized the last-named picture. Other of his works, which have been frequently engraved, fully merit the same commendation. Of all his works which we have seen, however, there is none which seems more vigorous in style and handling, more conscientiously painted, or more characteristic of the artist, than "Hard Pressed," of which we give an excellent engraving. It is the more remarkable that this picture should have been a masterpiece, for it was painted by the artist for his "diploma picture," a term which is applied to the pictures which an artist presents to the English Royal Academy on being elected "one of the forty," in accordance with a custom originated, if we remember rightly, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

As a rule, these pictures represent the ambitious longings rather than the actual capabilities of the artists; and are not, as a consequence, so valuable as they would otherwise have been. Mr. Ansdell's picture, however, is an exception to the rule; being, as we have said, one of the best, if not the very best he has painted. Mr. Ansdell is now, at the age of sixty-two (he was born at Liverpool, in 1815), in the full prime of his powers. His chief honors have been the winning of the Paris medal in 1855, and the election to the Royal Academy, which took place in 1871.

FEEDING BABY.

It certainly can not be objected to Mr. Perrault's picture that it fails to tell clearly what the artist had in mind when painting it; for a more thoroughly natural or characteristic group could not be imagined. The young mother, in all the pride of early mater-



THE FLOWER GIRL.—AFTER W. SOUCHON.

nity, watching with unconcealed interest every spoonful of milk the little one swallows; while the child, in every lineament of its face and every curve of its chubby limbs, shows its relish for the contents of its basin. There is nothing particularly grand or particularly new, any more than there is any straining after effect about the picture. It is simply a natural scene, naturally and faithfully painted; and in this lies its charm. In the face and figure of the mother we have all the characteristics of the fond mother hovering over her first-born, and both the figure and the pose are simply perfect. Mark the proud yet soft and womanly carriage of the head; the slight yet plump and graceful figure—the correct drawing of the arms and shoulders; the graceful attitude of the body and the anatomical accuracy with which the lower limbs are disposed, as revealed in the disposition of the drapery. Nor is the figure of the child less perfect. Every detail of both face and figure is drawn with perfect faithfulness to nature and a thorough understanding of the childish figure and childish ways. The positions of the arms and legs—especially

of the left leg and foot—give us precisely the careless grace and *abandon* of babyhood, and could never have been painted except after long and careful study; and that, it is well known, is precisely what Mr. Perrault has given himself. A pupil of Bouguereau, Mr. Perrault has devoted himself chiefly to the painting of *genre* pictures—much of the same style which have made his master so famous. Traces of Bouguereau's style can be found in the pupil's pictures; and yet he is so far from being a mere copyist, that in all his pictures can be traced a distinct individuality which shows both conscientious work and independent thought as well as original observations of nature. Mr. Perrault is still a young man, but he is by no means unknown in this country. He was represented at Philadelphia by a *genre* picture, entitled "Repose;" and three of his pictures were exhibited at the Centennial Loan Exhibition, at the National Academy. These were: "My Pussy," owned by Mr. Charles Stewart Smith; "Italian Minstrel Girl," from the collection of Mr. D. H. McAlpine; and a portrait of a boy, owned by Mr. L. Turnure.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

THE little seller of flowers is too well known a figure in most of the cities and towns of the world, and has been too often the theme for the pens of writers and the pencils of artists to make any description of Mr. Souchon's picture necessary. The little maiden in the picture differs from those of her class to be found

This picture exhibits many of the characteristics of Mr. Souchon's style, especially in a certain dreaminess and pathos of expression in the face and attitude, which seems to have a great charm for him. This may be, in great part, due to the influence on an impressionable nature of the atmosphere of his birthplace, for he is a native of Weimar, the capital of Saxony. This straggling and picturesque old town, though small—having only



DESIGNS IN IRON. — CLARKE.

in American towns, chiefly in so far as may concern some slight differences in details of costume. To be sure, the little one is Saxon, and has Saxon lineaments and the Saxon form; but notwithstanding Mr. Julian Hawthorne's somewhat pronounced criticisms on the physical peculiarities of the women of Saxony, we much doubt whether there is so very great a difference between a little flower girl in Weimar and one of the same class in New York or Chicago; the more especially as they are quite likely to be here, in many if not most cases, of purely German lineage.

about fourteen thousand inhabitants—contains more handsome buildings than any other city of its size in Germany, and has always been a favorite of other arts besides architecture. It was here that Lucas Cranach, the contemporary of Dürer and of Holbein, painted his masterly altar-piece, "The Crucifixion," which still adorns the principal church, and which is doubly valuable as a work of art, and as containing portraits of Martin Luther and of the artist himself. It was here, too, that those two immortal poets and warm friends, Goethe and Schiller, lived and directed

the theatre; and here they are buried. Here, too, lived Herder and Wieland; and, in short, the mental and moral atmosphere of the place is of just that sort that would be likely to promote the growth of the imagination and of dreamy and poetical thoughts; and we are not surprised to see much of such characteristics expressed in Mr. Souchon's works. Visitors to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, will recall his two pictures, "Marguerite," from "Faust," and "Imogene;" both of which were thoroughly dramatic in tone and expression, and evidently inspired by deep and tender poetic feeling, though expressed with the same quiet simplicity which characterizes the "Flower Girl," which is one of the best of his pictures, though less imaginative than the others we have mentioned.

IRON AND BRONZE WORK.

IN a recent number of THE ALDINE we gave some account of the uses which have been made in the past of wrought iron for ornamental purposes, regretting, at the same time, that now, when iron is coming more and more into use daily for architectural purposes, greater attention had not been paid to the production of appropriate designs for the different portions of a building to which this metal can be applied. This is a particularly appropriate subject for reflection at this time, when so much attention is being paid to the subject of the education of both sexes in the principles of designing, as furnishing—especially for women—a pleasant and honorable means of securing a livelihood. Heretofore the attention of the pupils in these schools has been chiefly directed toward the preparation of designs for textile fabrics of various kinds—wall-papers and the like—to the almost entire exclusion of such harder materials as iron. Nor have our professed designers or other artists paid so much attention to this subject as it seems to us to merit, and the consequence is that manufacturers have put forth such patterns as pleased them—some good, very good, but more undeniably bad, and the building public has used what was furnished it without much question. The result has been a bad one on the architectural features of nearly all our buildings in cities, and, by the inevitable reflex action, equally bad upon the public taste. To a certain extent this is accounted for by the fact that in our cities and towns, for the most part, we do not build. We construct houses, banks, exchanges, post-offices, what not; but we do not build. Now an ugly design may be as strong as an artistic one, and therefore as well adapted for purposes of construction strictly considered; but no such structures can be admitted to have any real relation to or place in architecture properly so called. As showing what may be done, we give, in addition to previous examples, a series of designs by Mr. Clarke, each of which sufficiently explains in itself the uses for which it is appropriate and for which it is intended. The railing for a gate-top is particularly good, as are also the designs for hinges, handles, etc.; for a door, which could be very appropriately applied to the door of a stable, an area, or other situation where a massive oak door would be required. It would cost little if any more to produce such designs as these, than the abominations one so frequently sees, and the relief to the eyes would be great.

The bell handle which we also engrave is of course for interior

use. It is designed by Robert Kretschmar, of Leipzig. The figures are intended to be executed in bronze, although other metal may be substituted; and the two small bells at the top, which are arranged to hide the crank to which the pull is fastened, are to be of the same metal as the figures. The cord may be of silk, or a metallic chain may be used. The whole constitutes an effective and artistic design for making the useful ornamental as well, and would be a much more agreeable object of contemplation in a parlor than the prevailing crank.



BELL HANDLE.—KRETSCHMAR.

ROBERT WYLIE.

ON the 14th of February, 1877, there died at Pont-Aven, France, an artist whose labors, comparatively young as he was, had shed great luster not only upon himself, but upon America as well. His name, which we have placed at the head of this article, is perhaps less known in this country—outside the city of Philadelphia—than it ought to be, owing to the fact that his works were as a general thing so eagerly caught up abroad, that Americans had comparatively few opportunities to purchase them.

Mr. Wylie was born in the Isle of Man in 1837, but his parents removed to Philadelphia while he was still in infancy, and it was in that quiet, staid old city, that he grew up to manhood. He began his art career as a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and devoted himself to carving in ivory, in which branch of art he attained a remarkable proficiency and great local celebrity; some specimens of his work being of rare beauty. So highly was he appreciated, indeed, and such true art feeling was there evinced in his works, that in 1859 he was appointed Curator of the Academy of Fine Arts. At this period of his life—as always, indeed—he was a most thorough and painstaking draughtsman, and made himself of great use in this capacity to the pupils, by correcting their drawings; and, what was perhaps of more value to them, playing the kindly but impartial critic, and giving store of good advice and instruction. By this means his attention was gradually drawn more and more from the special branch of art he had hitherto pursued toward painting, which subsequent events showed to be his true field. He very soon abandoned all other pursuits, devoting himself to study with the assiduity which marked him through life. In 1865 he went to Paris, and settled down as one of the American colony of art students in that capital, where he was no less respected for his unexceptionable morals than he was loved for his uniform kindness to all—whether French or American—with whom his pursuits brought him in contact. He studied hard, as he had done at home, and in 1869 sent his first picture,

"Reading the Letter from the Bridegroom," to the Salon. The picture attracted much attention, and was favorably commented on by the critics; but it was not until 1872 that the indefatigable artist was rewarded by the coveted medal, which was conferred upon him for his famous picture of "A Breton Fortune-Teller." Previous to the exhibition of this picture, some time during the Franco-Prussian War, he had removed from Paris, and had taken up his residence in the little village of Pont-Aven, in Brittany, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death.

It is not to be wondered at that so straightforward, conscientious, and painstaking a character as Robert Wylie should be

attracted by the simple-minded Breton peasants, who, probably more than any other of their class in Europe, have retained the characteristics of the early Britons from whom they are descended. It will be remembered that Brittany drew its people from the Britons of the neighboring island, and that from them it took its name. With singular tenacity this old Briton blood has held its own, and has even so moulded the language of the modern Bretons, that it can hardly be distinguished from Welsh by the foreigner to both; and a Welshman finds little difficulty in understanding the Breton *patois*, or in making himself understood in return when speaking the language of his forefathers. Wars, political changes, the ordinary workings of time, the inevitable mixture of races—none of these things have been able to take from these sturdy old Britons their original leading characteristics, nor to deprive them of at least a large portion of their language, which, even in Wales, is being fast driven out by the neighboring and more energetic English. The French, however, has encountered the same difficulty in trying to drive out the Breton that it did in trying to overcome the Saxon language—it has only succeeded in getting itself modified. Was our artist, in selecting this primitive corner of Europe for his retreat, at all moved, all unconsciously, by any hereditary tendency toward the pastoral? It may be so; or it may be that it was chiefly the artistic love of the quaint costumes and gay colors worn by the peasantry which controlled him in his choice. If one may judge correctly, simply by an examination of his works since that period, it would seem that both these forces operated upon him to a certain extent; for he has given us almost exclusively scenes from peasant life, and has quite often embodied in these the local legends and superstitions with which Brittany is quite as abundantly supplied as is the Isle of Man itself.

Thus, in the example of which we give an engraving in the present number of THE ALDINE, he has made use of a superstition which has been common to the peasant class of all countries and ages; nor, indeed, has it even yet died out, but may be still found in our own country, and not exclusively among the negroes of the South. In fact, we suspect that there is a spice of tendency in every one to believe in not only the ability of some outside and miraculous power to influence for good or ill our bodily conditions, but in the possibility of inducing, by proper supplications, that power to exert itself. In deeply religious, educated people, this feeling takes the form of a belief in what are called "special providences," and in prayers for specific benefits; while, among the more ignorant, it becomes a superstitious faith in sorcery, magic and witchcraft—a faith, by the way, which scarcely two centuries ago was shared by the most learned of this and of other lands. That diseases could be caused or cured; crops blighted or made more abundant; cattle afflicted with murrain or made to grow in health and strength; that any and all of these things might be done, by properly endowed individuals, by means of more or less complicated processes and ceremonies, was as firmly believed as was any article of the creed or the catechism. Unfortunately for those who were reputed to possess these powers, it was an equally well-established fact that their possession was incontrovertible evidence of the existence of a league with the devil, which was quite sufficient reason for burning or otherwise destroying the unfortunate sorcerers. Among the peasantry, however, of many countries, this feeling was so far from being held toward all reputed possessors of magic powers, that the witches who preferred to bless rather than curse, and whom it was perfectly proper to employ in grave emergencies, were held in great respect.

Mr. Wylie, in the picture before us, has introduced us to a group which is evidently actuated by precisely such motives. The little one, the pet of the household, is ill; the skill of the parents and their neighborly advisers—perhaps of the village doctor—has been exhausted, and recourse is now had to the reputed sorceress, the wise woman of the village, who deals with forces and powers above and beyond any which reside in the simples of the field and the garden; at any rate, any whose virtues are known to them. Herbs she may use; but they are not as other herbs; and her other remedies are mysterious substances which have had place in no pharmacopoeia for at least two centuries. Not altogether, by any means, does she rely on medicaments; indeed, when she uses them at all it is chiefly as vehicles for the marvelous powers with which she is endowed,

which she much prefers to use, and which alone make her medicines of more avail than those furnished by other practitioners of the healing art. In the present case she is, apparently, about to exercise some of her reserved power without the intervention of any medication whatever. This, of course, makes the situation all the more interesting and thrilling. The skill of the artist is shown in the manner in which, making the mother and child the centre of the group, bathed in strong light, he has gathered around them the sorceress and the others of the family, and the neighbors who have come in to witness the operation by which the wise woman is going to remove the spell which has been cast over the child, or exorcise the demon which has taken possession of it.

In this, as in all his pictures, we can trace the careful, honest work and thorough study of his subject so characteristic of Robert Wylie. Every face in this picture is a study; and a study, one can see at once, from the very life. There is about them none of that air of conventionality, of routinism, which so quickly stamps itself upon the productions of those artists—and they are far too numerous—who allow themselves to fall into that manner of work. The same characteristic must have been remarked by all who saw, at the Centennial Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, the picture by the same artist, entitled "Peasants Reading," which forms part of the exceedingly choice collection of Mr. D. H. McAlpine, of New York. In that, as in this, the evidences of keen study are seen in every line; and in that, as in this, we are constantly impressed with the conviction that the artist is painting his subject, and not an ideal something evolved from the depths of his inner consciousness. We have had plenty of pictures of peasant life, and even of Breton peasant life; but we have had few painters among those of our time who have put the same real life upon their canvases as has Robert Wylie, for the reason that there have been so few who were willing to work so hard as he did. It is even said, we know not how truthfully, that he adopted the dress and modes of living of the peasants whom he has so wonderfully painted; and was literally not only among them but of them. Be this as it may, he certainly studied them and knew them thoroughly.

But the faces of the group around the mother, in the picture under consideration, are by no means the only points about it to strike the observer; although they are perfect both as typical faces and for the awe-struck expression with which they bend their gaze upon the sorceress, who with an air—real or assumed—of conscious power, regards the babe at which she points. Besides these features, the picture is worthy of careful study for the masterly manner in which the figures are grouped; for the management of the light and shade, bringing out in all its force every detail of the quaint, rude interior. Everything has been drawn with the same care as if it were the only thing in the picture; with the same conscientiousness as distinguished the Curator of the Philadelphia Academy while helping the pupils with their work.

There is no doubt that Mr. Wylie was a great artist; and we can not help regretting that he could not have lived, not only to leave us more evidences of the fact, but to have returned to what was, in all but name, his native country, to have left among us pictures of which we might not only have felt proud, but which we could have retained among us as evidences of the reasonableness of our pride. As it is, very few of his pictures, we have said, have been brought to this country since he left it. After the exhibition of his "Fortune-Teller," and the conferring of the medal in 1872, the Messrs. Goupil made a contract with him for all his subsequent pictures; and these were so readily sold in Europe, that they had little inducement to bring them across the Atlantic to seek a market. The consequence has been to place Wylie in much the same category as a number of other American artists—beginning with Benjamin West—specimens of whose works are much more common, and whose names are, consequently, more widely known abroad than at home. Had he lived, there is little doubt that he would have returned to the scene of his early struggles and successes; and, with unimpaired powers and skill, trained by his conscientious studies and labors in probably the best art school in the world, would have turned his attention to the rich materials to be found here; and have given us such permanent records of American life and character as he has given us of those of the Bretons.

—A. V. Butler.



